

TIMELY COUNSEL,

OR

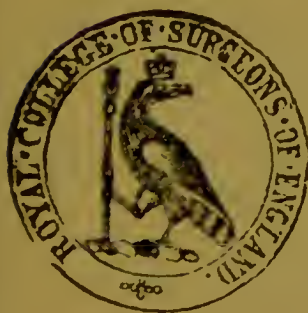
SHORT ESSAYS ON SOCIAL SUBJECTS.

BY

SURGEON-MAJOR T. ATCHISON,

M.R.C.S.E., L.S.A., ETC.,

HER MAJESTY'S BENGAL ARMY, LATE 2ND REGIMENT BENGAL CAVALRY; AND
CIVIL SURGEON OF RAWUL-PINDER; GORRUCKPORE, AND UMRITZIR,
ETC., ETC., ETC.



Fifth Edition.

PRESENTED
by the
AUTHOR.

LONDON :

T. RICHARDS, 37, GREAT QUEEN STREET, W.C.

—
1874.

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PREFACE TO THE FIFTH EDITION.

THE success of these short papers has been so encouraging, that I have been induced to print a third series. They are a collection of fugitive pieces on social topics of some interest, addressed to various journals of every shade of opinion. The only merit of many of them consisting in their having *led* to the reform of many of the abuses denounced; and the improvement of other defects where the remedy has been pointed out.

Since the last series were published, the Marquis of Westminster has opened Ebury Square to the public; Leicester Square has

been redeemed from its intolerable squalor and disgrace ; the Epping Forest encroachments are being redressed ; Hampton Court has been spared from the desecration of the Chelsea Water-Works Company,—thanks to the potent advocacy of the Marquis of Salisbury ; and many other beneficial transformations have taken place in the open spaces in and around London and many of the chief towns in the kingdom.

Lastly, in the endeavour to ameliorate some of the evils around us, we have preferred to attack systems and abuses rather than individuals ; and, if we have to regret having made a few—not very notable—enemies, we are conscious of having gained many most valuable friends.

We cannot conclude without thanking the Press for the invariable courtesy with which they

have received these very imperfect sketches, for their kindly criticism, and their ever-ready assistance.

London, February 1874.

LETTERS TO "THE TIMES"

ON

SMALL-POX ENCAMPMENTS,

ON

CHOLERA,

AND ON THE

Contagious Diseases Acts;

WITH

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PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

SINCE the accompanying letters were written, no diminution of small-pox has occurred in London ; indeed, in some districts the disease is alarmingly on the increase ; and in Liverpool and Southampton at the present moment the epidemic is raging violently, so as to endanger the entire population. It is also spreading in Glasgow, Leeds, Shields, Newcastle, Plymouth, and many of our commercial centres.

I have thought it right, therefore, to make more generally known my views as to the absolute necessity of segregation and quarantine in checking this loathsome epidemic.

Vaccination may do much, and adult re-vaccination more ; but to be efficacious it must be general, and be honestly, *carefully*, and *successfully* performed. Half measures are worse than useless, and at this juncture they are criminal.

To the anti-vaccinationists let me add a word of warning. Have a care lest by your ignorant and senseless clamour the blood of hundreds and the

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Vaccination may do much, and adult re-vaccination more ; but to be efficacious it must be general, and be honestly, *carefully*, and *successfully* performed. Half measures are worse than useless, and at this juncture they are criminal.

To the anti-vaccinationists let me add a word of warning. Have a care lest by your ignorant and senseless clamour the blood of hundreds and the

disfigurement of thousands, with all the train of ruined constitution and enfeebled health, rest not upon you. Granted that vaccination is not an *absolute* protector, statistics have already proved its enormous power for good—the hundreds of thousands of lives that it has saved, and its salutary influence among crowded and increasing populations.

It may be that in a few years a greater prophylactic than vaccination may be discovered for this fell disease—a more potent antidote to this deadly poison ; but in the meantime let us not trifle with the boon that has already been vouchsafed us, but accept it honestly and with thankfulness.

Therefore, let no means be left untried to give the cold shoulder to our unwelcome visitor ; that our present measures have proved inadequate requires no proof. Let us resort, then, to more stringent and effectual defence, and what that is the following communications develope.

April 5, 1871.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

THREE months have passed since the first warning was given to the public in these pages ; and six months have elapsed since the invasion of this epidemic. Four thousand lives have already been sacrificed ; and, by the latest returns, 47,000 persons, chiefly of the poor and helpless class, have been attacked ; cruelly injured in health ; and most, if not all, disfigured for life. And the expense to the ratepayers may be calculated as exceeding a million sterling.

It is estimated that there are at the present moment 100,000 persons abroad in London unprotected by vaccination, and many thousands in the provinces. There are also to be brought into the calculation 2000 births in the metropolis every week, furnishing pabulum for several months' invasion of the disease. One-tenth of the population is still supposed to be unvaccinated, and, therefore, susceptible of taking, transmitting, and intensifying this detestable poison. And yet nothing is done. We will go to figures. A Parliamentary

return just issued gives the following statistics : Births registered in England and Wales (Michaelmas 1870), 785,775 ; but the children under one year vaccinated only 392,869, or less than one-half ; the total number, old and young, vaccinated that year being 472,881. Surely this speaks for itself. The time and the occasion are not ordinary : —exceptional epidemics require exceptional treatment, and that with no uncertain or faltering hand ; and the matter becomes of gravest import when connected with its legislative bearings.

The census of the United Kingdom in 1801 gave a population closely reaching sixteen millions ; that in 1871 will fall little short of thirty-two millions ; and in London the ratio of increase is still higher. What will it become in the next half-century, even allowing for emigration, disease, and war ? Are we prepared to struggle with the dangers of this mighty problem, or throw up the question in despair ?

And if this rapid increase is affecting the country at large, what shall we say of the centres of our wealth and industry—the five large cities of the North, our priceless central ports of commerce—and our own huge and overgrown metropolis ? Epidemics like the present, unless checked at the outset, have a tendency to radiate *inwards*, and gradually seize on the higher and well nurtured members of society, having ravaged the outskirts where poverty, disease, and famine, have

already done their worst, and have provided too welcome a home to shelter and reeruit the enemy.

Let us turn for a moment to the epidemics of other countries ; and, though they are in warmer latitudes, any peculiarity of atmospherie change, or great sanitary negligence, may oecasion the same eatastrophe here.

At Buenos Ayres, a flourishing city in the Argentine Republie of South Ameriea, while we are writing, the yellow fever, or typhus of the deadliest eharacter, has invaded the entire population, laying one-third prostrate ; and, in a community of 200,000, fifty thousand have already fallen vie-tims in a very short period. The deaths at the present moment are 4000 per week, with a daily death-rate of 700 souls. This frightful mortality is chiefly due to rapid increase of population, and neglect of the eommonest sanitary precautions. Our own scourge cannot, fortunately, be compared to the ravages in that unhappy eity ; but a similar epidemic, in the shape of cholera, typhus, or variola, may overtake us at any time, unless, by proper sanitation, we are prepared to meet it.

It will be seen, by the weekly reports and the Registrar-General's returns, that the disease has been steadily increasing—the numbers gradually, but surely, culminating to a point : that, were it any other affliction of war or social calamity, or confined to our higher classes, would be ealled disgraceful to our civilisation and humanity, and

rouse the resentment of the country from one end to the other.

It behoves us, therefore, to mark out some fixed line of action, not only during the present crisis, but in future attacks—not only with the present scourge, but in other, and perhaps more fatal, epidemics; for we may state our firm conviction, founded on no slight experience, that, properly handled, small-pox would speedily become an extinct disease; and that we have alone ourselves to blame for the havoc that it has caused. Moreover, we may again declare, after careful record of its phases, that, up to the present moment, no adequate provision has been made, either for encountering its approach, or contesting its progressive strides amongst us.

For, mark, in this disease, its advent is stealthy, but sure—its exodus cruelly tardy and deliberate; and be sure that, without an inflexible system of isolation and compulsive sanitation, the disease will advance so rapidly—not in numbers only, but in severity—as to render portions of this great city, and other centres of our wealth and prosperity, scarcely habitable. We trust, therefore, that, ere long, the subject will receive from the legislature that earnest and searching investigation which its importance imperatively demands.

14, St. James's Square, London, S.W.

May 25th, 1871.

PREFACE TO THE THIRD EDITION.

WHEN I put pen to paper in March last, I little dreamt the success that awaited me. Here it is—and it comes from telling the truth. Would that the same success could attend the measures recommended: that it does *not*, we must look to our rulers.

We grieve to sum up our monthly totals of deaths from negligence and legislative indifference—our four thousand deaths of May last, now in this month of August, in variola alone, in this metropolis, amount to near *six thousand*; our casualties in the United Kingdom since the 1st January *ten thousand*; and our population attacked over *a hundred and thirty thousand*; and our expenses, from one million, have exceeded four—need we add another word!

Since our last address to the public, that dreaded scourge, Cholera, has threatened its approach, and we instantly gave warning to the country. How quickly the response followed it is not for us to remark. May it not end in words—but *deeds*.

The concluding Essays tell their own tale. They speak of Society, not in its normal and healthy condition, but in a state of *disease*. The malady is pointed out : the remedy rests with *ourselves*. How the forecast was justified we have only to point to the recent collapse of our Army, the disasters to our Navy, and the *coup d'état* in the House of Commons ! While we are penning these lines in comes the news of the sinking of the *Megara*, after all the warnings in the Legislature and the Press. Again we ask, is there not rottenness in the State ? Never before in this generation were these great words more needed, and they should be sounded in the ears of every Englishman,—
 “ England expects *every man* to do his duty ! ”

14, St. James's Square, London, S.W.,

August 5, 1871.

SMALL-POX ENCAMPMENTS.

To the Editor of the "Times."

SIR,—Amongst the many suggestions for checking this swiftly-spreading epidemic, the beneficial action of encampment appears to have been lost sight of.

Instead of the *costly*, injurious, and *tardy* system of congregating the sick in hospitals, asylums, or improvised lazarettos, in a hitherto uninfected neighbourhood, why not apply the simple remedy we at once resort to in India, viz., pitch tents in some high and airy situation, quarantine the encampment, and on the subsidence of the disease, disinfect or burn the camp.

At the dreadful epidemic of cholera at Mcean-Meer in 1861, and again at Umritzir in 1863, when also small-pox was raging, and at both of which I was deputed on special duty, the moment infection appeared we attacked it *at once* by segregation and camping out. Here the three great principles of Hygiene were enforced, viz., fresh air, non-contact, and speedy action. What was the consequence? The disease was arrested *forthwith*, and quickly disappeared.

While *we* are waiting to construct new asylums, the disease is spreading apace. The metropolis and suburbs are in a state of panic, and no one appears capable of organising any defined plan of action, and attacking the disease at its root.

There are many subordinate details connected with the encampment of the sick *in this climate* which can easily be mastered by an energetic will. The principle I have enunciated is undeniable, for without compulsory organisation in self-defence, *complete* vaccination of the community, segregation, and disinfection, we shall be unable successfully to grapple with our merciless enemy.

Your obedient servant,

SURGEON-MAJOR.

St. James's Square, S.W.

4 March, 1871.

To the Editor of the "Times."

SIR,—The value of your space forbade me to enlarge on the details of this important subject in my last letter.

It is useless, when the disease is upon us, running hither and thither for remedies, palliatives, prophylactics, and all the senseless round of weak expedients. What we want is a well-defined, organised, compulsive plan that all would recognise, confide in, act upon. Small-pox attacks us,

then out with it, and at once ; get into fresh air ; get healed and don't infect others. As for vaccination in early life and re-vaccination in adult, this we admit the necessity of at once, and need not further discuss. A clear-sighted Government would have enforced it long ago, and not have tampered with disease as it does with every other question of vital importance to the nation.

Now as regards the details—for in this place I can only rapidly survey the position. Take a map of London and its districts—and the same rule applies to every city, town, or village in England ;—mark out the commons, waste lands, or other unenclosed spots nearest to the suburb attacked ; erect a few tents, wooden huts, or roomy sheds (and at first they need not be many), place them under the charge of the district or divisional surgeon, and thereto should be carried every variolous case of whatsoever kind, description, or class, without favour or distinction.

Let them be near a river where there is a current of pure air, taking advantage of thatched barges or unused steamers ; near the sea, or our harbours, block-ships or well-ventilated vessels at anchor—common sense directing the locality and suitability to individuals, but on no account brick or walled enclosures or pest-houses, such as we now see accumulating on every side of us, intensifying the poison, and permanently damaging the district.

Well, the chances are a speedy recovery from a

mild form, and no chance of the contamination of others. The linen could be cleaned, disinfected, or destroyed on the spot, and not carried into the town. A strict quarantine would be established, and the great disseminators of the poison, viz., the laundress, the communicative friend or relative—ay, and the medical man himself unless duly careful—sedulously guarded against.

As for the treatment of the disease, though this is hardly the place for its discussion, it is simple enough if carefully watched—plenty of fresh air, good strengthening food and wine, and scrupulous cleanliness.

The organisation for the local authorities need not be a difficult matter if once the inhabitants of an infected district saw the necessity of immediate and decisive action. The epidemic would be nipped in the bud, instead of, as now, hanging over us two or three months, a scourge to us all, and multiplying itself in a reduplicate ratio, threatening to become endemic and permanent among us, and trebly difficult to exterminate.

I know the opposition that is raised when once a comprehensive scheme for their own good is mooted among a certain section of the community. In their eyes succour for the wounded encourages war, the Contagious Diseases Act immorality, vaccination syphilitic inoculation, and so on. But let the plague once come among them, these vociferators are the first to be paralysed, and perfectly useless for any purpose whatsoever.

Leaving them, therefore, to their own folly, we will endeavour to anticipate the remedy for the evils that are yet to come, and leaving many other benevolent colleagues to palliate the mischief that has been done, let me add my mite to the *prevention* of miseries that yet may follow.

Your obedient servant.

SURGEON-MAJOR.

St. James's Square, S.W.

March 6.

To the Editor of the "Times."

SIR,—Lest there should be any misapprehension on the subject of my letter to you on Small-Pox Encampments, let me briefly mention that by the term "tents," in this climate, is meant every appliance for the encampment of the sick, viz., tents, thatched huts, *wooden sheds*, and any other moveable apparatus suitable for the emergency.

In a late impression of your journal concerning "Fever and Small-Pox in London," I notice the records of six institutions for the relief of the disease, showing a widely-spreading epidemic, and great loss of life. It appears, however, that there are, altogether, nine such houses of refuge. Four of which, alone, have already cost £415,000 to the public. In the concluding paragraph I read of yet another lazaretto contemplated in Battersea Park, to cost another £20,000.

Why, sir, with one-fourth of the amount as yet expended, quite omitting the cost *still* to be incurred, I would engage to provide for the sufferers of London in this respect (on the approach of the epidemic), and, on the disappearance of the disease, to burn the camp to the ground.

And, as regards an encampment, be it composed of tents, huts, sheds, steamer, blockship, they could easily be furnished to suit the necessities of the case, be they for the needy, the middle class, or the opulent. They would form a summer Wimbledon, or a winter Aldershot (in miniature) *outside* our cities and towns, and protect our population.

They would be under proper discipline, and in charge of experienced officers, subordinates, and nurses, with a well-regulated ambulance as the main channel of communication ; and be a mighty saving in health and pocket to the metropolis.

What I contend for is the *urgency*, the *practicability*, and the *certainty* of success.

Your obedient servant,

THOMAS ATCHISON,

Surgeon-Major.

14, St. James's Square, London, S.W.,

9th March, 1871.

A WORD ON

THE "CONTAGIOUS DISEASES ACTS."

IN these days, when the fair sex think it their duty to discuss almost every moral and social problem, it may not be amiss to treat an analogous subject to that on which I lately addressed the public, in the matter of the present epidemic and "Small-Pox Encampments," more especially as the subject of the "Contagious Diseases Acts" recently reappeared in the public prints in an address to Mr. Gladstone.

Truly may we exclaim "Guid guide us" to both these revolting and detestable scourges. But our duty must be done. And, in this place, it is my wish to point out to my fairer readers how much real injury they are doing to society, and to our future race, by the outcry they are either raising or encouraging against the extension of these most wholesome Acts.

It is to be presumed they do not really know the gravity of their opposition; and, for my part, I would willingly believe they did not understand the subject at all. But let me tell them, mothers

of families, young and blushing maidens, high-titled dames, and the lowly, struggling seamstress, that if they only knew how much the health and beauty of their offspring depended upon untainted blood, they would raise a cry of thankfulness instead of abuse, and bless those who are manfully fighting for the purity and well-being of their homes.

Well for them that they do *not* understand what the deformed limb, the crooked spine, the tarnished skin, the early death, or life of wretchedness, really betoken ; nor trace effects and causes to their root. But let those whose days are passed amidst disease and misery, and whose nights in study, assure them that it is no slight boon such workers are rendering to posterity by checking the spread of the diseases for which these Acts are designed.

Palmerston remarked that dirt was simply matter in the wrong place. In my opinion disease is nothing more than dead or refuse matter in a worse place, namely, in the living tissues of the human body; and the word so-called "Dis-ease", little more than Nature's effort to get rid of it.

And if we approach the study of that great problem "disease" humbly, and hopefully, we shall find the philosophy of the physician simpler and more wonderful than through the dogmatic veil by which it is now obscured ; and the success in the treatment of diseased action tenfold, while learning simply to assist Nature, and not to obstruct her.

Therefore, if we first *prevent* by wholesome legislation, and then attempt the cure by *expulsion* of our enemy, (who, in most cases, should never have entered), see how simplified is our duty to our neighbour, and to posterity.

In other places the beneficial working of the Contagious Diseases Acts has been most apparent ; our fleets and armies have already reaped the benefit. Why should the same boon be denied to our civil population ?

And, as regards the Acts in question, which have now been in operation six years, the returns from India, and from our seaports and military stations where they are in force, afford conclusive proof, not only of their sanitary value, but of the moral amelioration of the class to which they refer.

Again, before the Royal Commission which is now sitting, a distinct refutation has been given to the allegations preferred by the opponents of these Acts: not a single case has been produced to prove undue interference or humiliation, the sufferers themselves willingly applying for relief, and submitting to segregation ; but if the miserable shifts of organised imposture by designing opponents—such as proved to have been practised at Southampton and other of our towns—were put in evidence, the inherent weakness of their cause would be amply demonstrated, and their opposition upon such grounds only regarded with contempt.

With reference to the moral aspect of the question, we desire to take the highest ground. The Divine ordinance was to heal the sick, and not to *prolong* suffering. Our own aim should be to do as much good as in us lies, and to leave the rest to a higher power. Our social and moral machinery is sufficiently powerful to check undue licence; and nothing but good can come of the extension of these Acts, if only administered with ordinary discretion. It is quite clear that the want of them has seriously prejudiced the health of the community.

Again—and this cannot be too often reiterated—if every beneficent and enlightened piece of legislation is to be obstructed and “shouted down” as at present; and we need only refer to the gallant stand against drunkenness, the liquor traffic, and kindred nuisances—drink going hand in hand with pauperism, and sapping the manliness of a nation that spends £100,000,000 sterling a year in drink. If, we repeat, wholesome legislation is to be hooted down by interested traders and designing fanatics, the sooner a more Draconic rule is inaugurated the better. We let an abuse go on until it increases in magnitude and becomes a vested interest, and when we are called on to curtail or abolish it, we are assailed with cries of “spoliation”, “tyranny”, and “confiscation”, and threatened with all the horrors of mob law.

But let me, in conclusion, hope that, when obstruction and clamour yield to thought and calm reflection, the day may speedily come when we shall wonder how long and how persistently we allowed a secret pestilence to lurk unchecked around us.

March 23rd, 1871.

CHOLERA.

To the Editor of the Times.

SIR,—Cholera is reported to have been some time in Persia, to have passed through Russia, and to be travelling westward by Poland and Pomerania, where, by the last accounts, it has made itself pretty severely felt. In fact, it is following the route it always has followed, and obeying the same natural laws incidental to epidemics.

Now, what we have to do—and we are not a whit too soon, for we have had before this a taste of his presence—is just to meet our enemy fairly in the face. We know exactly what he will do if he seizes hold of us, and therefore we ought to know pretty well what to do with him.

Let us clear our minds of all the technical verbiage and rubbish with which this serious matter is surrounded. We have no time for theories; we want facts, experience, determination. We have had proof enough lately what havoc vacillation, stupidity, and timid action have wrought in another disease; let not the same culpability manifest itself here.

In cholera, one word, and one only, should be

our watchword—cleanliness. With such an armour we may safely wait its attacks and predict success. Sanitary laws mean little more than this—let our air be clean, our water clean, our bodies, soil, and dwellings clean. Reverse this and we know what follows. Where the hyssop of cleanliness is sprinkled on the lintels of our thresholds the destroying angel passes on; but where foul air, fetid water, impure drains, and personal filth abound, there will cholera make its sojourn, and devastation reign.

Do not think these are idle words; they are stern realities drawn from hard practical work in climates where the dreadful truth is preached daily and hourly, and where this more fortunate land may, if it will, learn many a lesson.

Let, therefore, the practical conclusion be once more urged on all authority—legislative, executive, municipal, domestic. Let purity of water, by better supply, or more scientific filtration—let bodily ablution, and household cleanliness, free ventilation, and more perfect drainage, healthful exercise of the mind and body, moderation and temperance—be the rule and not the exception.

Difficult, it may be said, in many cases, yet still practicable; impossible all, yet possible some, till a general feeling of the truth of these great principles and a sense of security force themselves on the intelligence of the country; and ideas that were once considered Utopian may be accepted as

binding on the nation and indispensable to the public weal.

Your obedient servant,

THOMAS ATCHISON, Surgeon-Major.

14, St. James's Square, S.W., July 19.

SIR,—Many will have exclaimed on laying down my letter, “Impossible,” “Visionary,” “Can’t be done.” Gentlemen, it is not “impossible;” and, if we will only set ourselves to work, we shall find that it *can* be done, and that right well.

Take any one of the subjects that I have singled out, and let each be handled by earnest, capable men, and we shall soon see how altered will be the face of things. Consider,—Are they so very amazing? Is the execution of any one of them so very tremendous? No; the truth is, we are not in earnest in this country. Hyper-civilisation, wealth, luxury, have bred effeminacy and frivolity among us, and we shall smart for it before long, as sure as night follows day. As with individuals, so with the nation. Once delegate a duty that should be done by oneself, and all vigour, manliness, and responsibility are lost.

But we must leave these interesting and deeply vital questions. When cholera approaches a country, the whole sanitary machinery (which never should be out of gear) should at once be put in motion; all I have mentioned yesterday must be overhauled and set to rights. House, food, drink,

locality. On its nearer proximity needless exposure of the body to a high temperature or the night air avoided; overheat or perspiration of the surface not suddenly checked, and due moderation in food and wine. Ripe fruits are by no means unwholesome, but raw vegetables or decomposing flesh of any kind should be carefully avoided. Above all, let the mind be cheerfully employed, for depressing passions, fright, and panic are the closest allies of this deadly scourge.

When cholera has really attacked us, perfect rest and the recumbent position are indispensable; premonitory symptoms, if carefully looked to by a thoughtful practitioner, are almost always checked by mild anodynes and the alkalies, with a little warm stimulant, and the blandest diet procurable.

The severer stages can only be trusted to a man thoroughly able to handle so difficult and dangerous a disease. Moments are then as precious as hours; but hope and pluck, with a good constitution, generally battle through successfully.

There are many minor collateral appliances, but your space is valuable, and these are the chief.

In these remarks, Sir, you will have perceived my grand remedy is *Prevention*. It is this great principle that will carry us through greater dangers and diseases either of the body personal or politic, and make Old England flourish yet once more.

Your obedient servant,

THOMAS ATCHISON, Surgeon-Major.

14, St. James's Square, S.W., July 20.

S H A M S .

THE long-suffering Briton appears, just now, to be rather in a bad way. He has paid for his Army, and has hardly an effective man to show. He cannot move thirty thousand men thirty miles, and camp out for a month. He spends millions on his Navy, and his ships come to grief. He talks much about his Schools, but his Education Fund is gone. He has a Medical Board to his Privy Council, and yet sickness is as rife as ever, and epidemics are unchecked. Surely we have a right to turn round and ask why our Briton stands it, mute and hand-bound !

As we are taking a quiet survey, we will touch on the last, as that, just now, is most pressing. If institutions, excrescences, and tax-traps are weighed in the balance and found wanting—if they are *proved* to be impracticable, useless, or an anachronism—why, in Heaven's name, retain them ? From all quarters of the country come complaints of inefficiency, incompetency, and distrust, for which these departments are responsible. If our officials cannot or *will* not do their duty, if they connive at

imbecility, culpable negligence, or official falsehood, why then, *abolish* them ! We don't want them—they are no use to us. This country in all conscience is taxed heavily enough for its pressing needs, and I, for one, object to have my pocket picked to suit the whims of political jugglers, or the crotchets of social trumpery.

Verily this is an age of shams !—and it is time they disappeared from this present stage. The age of realities is coming on apace, and those that have the ordering—or disordering—of things, will have a brisk account to settle, and keenly will each defaulter be brought to book.

We talk of the liberty of the subject, and prate glibly of personal freedom ; but methinks that the liberty, as now in vogue, is fast becoming a nuisance to ourselves, and all around us.

As for that other deep stain—that cruel swindle on the poor—Adulteration : our food, our drink, our raiment, our every need tampered with by the cunning fraud and the false weight. I would, in spite of all John Brights created, flog each caitiff at the cart's tail.

St. James's, July 30, 1871.

CONTAGION.

THE restraint by legislative enactment of Contagious Disease is a question undoubtedly surrounded with difficulties,—a question which is unsuited for open discussion, even though the benefit which would result from the extinction of this Seourge is inestimable: and the blind and irrational opposition which would *perpetuate* the existing evils is so fatuous in plan and purpose as to stimulate the loudest remonstrance and rebuke.

No one would willingly touch pitch; and the stigma of foulness, I speak it advisedly, attaches to all connected with this subject, be it “The House,” press, or public. The chief ecclesiastical opponent of the Anti-Contagious Association is, I am sorry to see, a Prebend of Salisbury named Fowle, and its chief parliamentary exponent, I speak it with the deepest regret, is—Fowler. But alas, the inherent quality of contamination is not merely nominal; what greater pollution of the national conscience can be imagined than the threatened deluge of frouzy pamphlets teeming with impure and obscene paragraphs thrust upon the notice of the wives and daughters of England?

“*Maxima debetur virginibus puerisque reverentia*” is a maxim which neither the *Reverend* Mr. Rigg nor the *Reverend* Dr. Guthrie should have forgotten, however much the disorderly “persons”—and Heaven help the legislature that admits them—who violated the decorum of the Home Office, might have disregarded it.

But let it be known that there are other thinkers in the land than they, and we tell them that we *will* have a pure breed of Englishmen, despite the howls of fanatics or the garbage of filthy propagandism.

We will now take leave of the detestable subject, trusting that in the deliberations of the House of Commons our members will feel that our only object in alluding to this matter is our *determination* to do what is right, and our anxious regard for the national health.

St. James's, S.W., July 26, 1871.

SOCIAL DISEASE.

It has been my privilege to speak lately of three of the direst bodily evils that can affect an age. I have treated of a loathsome and disfiguring scourge : of a terrible social plague eating deep into the national health, and of the shadow of an approaching pestilence !

I have now to discourse of yet another, and still more desolating blot, and one that is undermining society to its very foundations. But where are we to look ? The sky is overcast, and there is a cloud like a man's hand from beyond the sea. I turn to our broad lands and find them in the hands of a few, and those not all worthy. I look to our cities, and see social and commercial distrust, over-reaching, and dishonesty. I look to the open sea, and in one short year see our *Psyches* dashed upon the rocks, our *Captains* sunk, our *Agincourts* aground, our *Caledonias* ashore ! and will a single man in this Queendom stand up, and bid me "hold," "enough" ?

I look to our clergy, and find an increasing host unfaithful to our glorious Protestant trust—that faith which made old England what it *was*. To our courts—pure, thank God !—but well-nigh contemptible from law's delays. I look to our men, and find earnestness and probity a by-word. To

our women, and find them open-mouthed, unsexed, and wrangling in unclean debate. Turn where we will, drunkenness, pauperism, and scepticism of one's-self, and God attest the wretch that long years of prosperity, enervation, and lucre-lust have inflicted on the Nation. And, when neither the warning star of Prussia nor the setting sun of France kindles but a momentary awe, or the enthusiasm of a worn-out race, we may be well sure that its days are numbered.

I look to the rulers of the land, dallying with the most momentous Problems ; an obsequious and pulseless House of Commons registering the decrees of a blinded autocrat ! and feebleness and compromise from head to heel of our institutions dragging down this noble country to the dust.

But, Englishmen ! we are not *all* slaves ! The day will come when the voices of the few shall stir the pulses of the many, and the metal of a once gallant race be put to proof, and show by deeds, which future generations will not blush to own, that the glorious blood of our forefathers was not shed in vain !

Men of Britain ! would ye more than this ? Our *past* glories ye all know too well ! the Crimea, the Great Mutiny, Abyssinia of more recent days, proclaim what ye *can* do. Let a sharer in the service of your country tell you what, by honest hearts and trusty arms, may yet be done.

London, July 23, 1871.

NOTICES BY THE MEDICAL PRESS.

British Medical Journal, Saturday, March 18, 1871,
No. 533, p. 287.

Surgeon-Major Atchison has made an excellent proposition for meeting the necessities of accommodation for small-pox patients, by "encampments" on the commons, waste lands, or other unenclosed spaces, nearest to the suburbs attacked. Such hospital-huts can be very rapidly raised and comfortably arranged, as, indeed, the recent experience of the Asylum Board at their Hampstead site shows. Mr. Atchison knows well that of which he speaks, for his experience as an Indian administrator is quite to the point. We should be glad to see him entrusted by the authorities with practically carrying out the scheme which he describes so well.

Medical Times and Gazette, Saturday, March 25, 1871,
No. 1028, pp. 343, 344.

A well-known Indian medical officer, Mr. Atchison, who signs himself "Surgeon-Major", has written a series of letters to the *Times* on the subject of small-pox encampment. His plan is, no doubt, a good one, provided the exigencies of our climate could be taken into consideration, and the prejudices of our population against anything novel could be overcome. Surgeon-Major Atchison writes:

"Instead of the *costly*, *injurious*, and *tardy* system of congregating the sick in hospitals, asylums, or improvised lazarettos, in a hitherto uninfected neighbourhood, why not apply the simple remedy we at once resort to in India—viz., pitch tents in some high and airy situation, quarantine the encampment, and on the subsidence of the disease disinfect or burn the camp?"

"At the dreadful epidemic of cholera at Mecca Meer in 1861, and again at Umritsir in 1863—at both of which I was deputed on special duty—when also small-pox was raging, the moment infection appeared, we attacked it *at once* by segregation and camping-out. Here the three great principles of hygiene were enforced; viz., fresh air, non-contact, and speedy action. What was the consequence? The disease was arrested *forthwith*, and quickly disappeared."

In a subsequent letter he explains that, by the term "tent", in this climate, he means "every appliance for the encampment of the sick; viz., tents, thatched huts, *wooden sheds*, and any other moveable apparatus suitable for the emergency."

He believes that the total expense of forming such an en-

encampment, and of burning it afterwards, would not be one-fourth of the expense we are now incurring for temporary hospitals." He adds: "And as regards an encampment, be it composed of tents, huts, sheds, steamer, blockship, they could easily be furnished to suit the necessities of the case, be they for the needy, the middle-class, or the opulent. They would form a summer Wimbledon or a winter Aldershot (in miniature) *outside* our cities and towns, and protect our population. They would be under proper discipline, and in charge of experienced officers, subordinates, and nurses; with a well regulated ambulance as the main channel of communication; and be a mighty saving in health and pocket to the metropolis. What I contend for is the *urgency*, the *practicability*, and the *certainty* of success.

Lancet, Saturday, March 18th, 1871, No. 11, p. 391.

Surgeon-Major Atchison proposes to mark out the commons and waste lands nearest the suburbs attacked by small-pox, to erect a few tents or huts, and carry to them every variolous case of whatever kind, description, or class, without favour or distinction. He discountenances brick or walled enclosures, such as are now accumulating on every side, intensifying the poison, and permanently damaging the districts in which they are placed.

We have already advocated this plan for the treatment of convalescents, and the relief of the local hospitals. But we fear the danger of removing patients to any considerable distance at the acute stage of the disease will always prove an insuperable objection to country and suburban hospitals.

Lancet, p. 394, March 18th, 1871.

We venture again to inquire how it is that the *Dreadnought* has not been utilised, and why the proposal to erect field hospitals has not been entertained? It was stated that the military authorities would be happy to erect military tents at Battersea, and that they could do this at one-third the expense of permanent or temporary structures of wood or iron. The idea promulgated by Surgeon-Major Atchison, of forming a small-pox encampment, is worthy of serious attention; for even if it were not thought possible to take out every case of small-pox, yet it cannot be denied that the convalescent might be removed to such encampments with advantage to the patients, and with great relief to the existing hospitals.

British Medical Journal, Saturday, March 25th, 1871, p. 327.

We are glad to learn that Surgeon-Major Atchison's plans for "small-pox encampments" have been well received by muni-

cipal bodies, and that the principle is being carried into effect in many of the towns of England. A somewhat similar plan has been proposed for Liverpool by a surgeon of that town.

Medical Times and Gazette, Saturday, April 22, 1871, p. 454.

Taking this view of the situation, we commend for study the letters to the *Times* written by Surgeon-Major Atchison, and recently reprinted in the form of a pamphlet. He says: "As regards details, take a map of London and its districts—and the same rule applies to every city, town, or village in England—mark out the commons, waste lands, or other unenclosed spots nearest to the suburb attacked, erect a few tents, wooden huts, or roomy sheds (and at first they need not be many), place them under the charge of the district or divisional surgeon, and thereto should be carried every variolous case of whatsoever kind, description, or class, without favour or distinction. Let them be near a river where there is a current of pure air, taking advantage of thatched barges or covered steamers; near the sea, or our harbours, blockships, or well-ventilated vessels at anchor—common sense directing the locality and suitability to individuals—but on no account brick or walled enclosures and pest houses." No doubt this would be an economical as well as effectual way of dealing with such an epidemic as the present; but its adoption would not be quite so easy in London as the writer imagines. Unenclosed land sufficiently near London is scarcely to be found, and hence a site would have, in most instances, to be purchased or rented. The obtaining sites has been one of the greatest difficulties which the Asylum Board has had to encounter. But, still, they *are obtainable*; and every parish on the borders of London should possess a site which they could use on the occasion arising. Forethought, however, is no distinguishing virtue of metropolitan vestries, especially when it means anticipation of further expense. One thing is certain however—namely, that the adoption of some such scheme as that sketched out by Mr. Atchison would be true wisdom and true economy.

Lancet, Saturday, May 20th, No. 20, p. 697.

TENT HOSPITALS FOR SMALL-POX.

Dr. Barbour reports that the hospital marquees set up at Stoekwell have been found to answer extremely well; though the weather has been very cold, from the prevalence of north-east winds. The temperature inside the tents has always been sufficiently high. At Homerton the tents have been used for the treatment of *acute* cases, and they have answered *perfectly*; and the hourly record of the temperature shows that they are neither too cold by night nor too hot by day.

Allen's Indian Mail, June 20, 1871, p. 581.

We are glad to see that Surgeon-Major Atchison's useful little pamphlet on "Small-pox Encampments" (Richards, 1871) has reached a second edition in a few weeks. The letters of which it chiefly consists were addressed to the *Times* during last March, when the spread of small-pox in London was causing serious alarm, which the measures since taken to check the disease have not done much as yet to allay. The death-rate from small-pox still keeps up at a figure ominously high, in spite of the efforts made to bring it down to its normal average. Between the vulgar mistrust of vaccination, the timidity of statesmen about enforcing it, and the inadequacy of the measures taken to isolate the infection, there is reason enough to fear that the present epidemic, for which we may partly thank our neighbours over the water, has not yet nearly run its course. Up to the end of last month 4000 persons had died in London during the present outbreak, and 47,000 escaped with injured health or sad disfigurement for life. Instead of separating sick from sound, not a little has been done to spread the disease by bringing large numbers of the sick together into one place in the midst of a crowded neighbourhood. Surgeon-Major Atchison's Indian experience has enabled him to point out the mischievousness of thus dealing with a scourge which ought rather to be treated on the opposite principle of perfect isolation and strict quarantine. Instead of spending hundreds of thousands in building large hospitals and asylums, and waiting for Mr. Bruce to mature a futile scheme for *not* enforcing vaccination, he would treat the sick at once as they are treated in India, by erecting "a few tents, wooden huts, or roomy sheds", on waste or open ground near the suburb attacked, and so securing to each patient the great advantages of fresh air, isolation, and prompt treatment. The same process should be carried out in every town and village in England, the best spots being near a river or the sea. Good use might also be made of floating hospitals. Anything, in short, he argues, would be better than brick or walled enclosures, which intensify the poison, and permanently damage the districts where they are placed. With plenty of fresh air, strengthening food, and cleanly nurture, the patient would have every chance of a quick recovery, while the danger of spreading the infection could be minimised by a careful quarantine. We are glad to find that Surgeon-Major Atchison's suggestions have already borne some good fruit at Stockwell and in many English towns.

The Surgeon-Major adds a warning word to those well-meaning but weak-minded people who would undo the good that has already been done in many places by the Contagious Diseases

Act. He implores his "fairer readers" to consider "how much real injury they are doing to society, and to our future race, by the outcry they are either raising or encouraging against the extension of these most wholesome Acts." If they only knew "how much the health and beauty of their offspring depended upon untainted blood, they would raise a cry of thankfulness instead of abuse, and bless those who are manfully fighting for the purity and well-being of their homes." If the good people who raise so ignorant an outcry against these Acts could only bring themselves to hear reason and master plain facts, to believe that fighting against the spread of a fearful bodily disease has no more to do with the encouragement of vice or the toleration of immoral practices, than have any other sanitary precautions against the spread of any other disease, we might, with the Surgeon-Major, hope soon to see a system which has already wrought so much good, both here and in India, extended to all the chief towns in this country. But, as the German poet has it,—

"Mit der Dummheit kämpfen Götter selbst vergebens."

Naval and Military Gazette, Saturday, July 1, 1871, p. 312.

These letters, reprinted in the form of a pamphlet, which has already reached the second edition, contain many valuable suggestions which will be found peculiarly interesting at the present time, and which we commend for serious study. With regard to the Contagious Diseases Act, which many well-meaning people desire to have repealed, we are glad to have the testimony of so experienced a writer as Surgeon-Major Atchison, that they are not only of sanitary value, but that the class to which they refer have been morally benefited by their operation.

The warning of such a man is not to be disregarded.—Aug. 5th, page 369.

See also *British and Foreign Medical Review*, July, p. 151 ; *Half-Yearly Abstract Medical Sciences*, p. 9 ; *New York Medical Record*, June 1, p. 159 ; *Army and Navy Gazette*, July 29, p. 468 ; *Colburn's United Service Magazine*, August, p. 594 ; *Naval and Military Gazette*, Saturday, August 5, p. 369, etc., etc., etc.

TIMELY COUNSEL,

OR

SHORT ESSAYS ON SOCIAL SUBJECTS.

BY

SURGEON-MAJOR T. ATCHISON,

M.R.C.S.E., L.S.A., ETC.,

HER MAJESTY'S BENGAL ARMY, LATE 2ND REGIMENT BENGAL CAVALRY; AND
CIVIL SURGEON OF RAWUL-PINDEE; GORRUCKPORE, AND UMRITZIR,
ETC., ETC., ETC.

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SECOND SERIES.

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PREFACE TO THE FOURTH EDITION.

A FEW words will suffice to introduce the second series of essays to the reader.

How necessary the issue of the first letters on sanitary subjects became, is shown by the following statements of the medical officer to the Privy Council; the one on cholera, the other on the small-pox, which caused such devastation in England last year.

Regarding cholera, the writer states,

“I think it necessary to point out that the disease, as now prevailing in Russia, probably represents circumstances of considerable new danger to the public health of Europe. Mr. J. N. Radcliffe, who of late years, with much epidemiological learning, has noted minutely for this department the various steps of cholera migration from Asia, draws my attention to the fact that recent developments of traffic to the south of the Caucasus have already brought Persia into such easy and frequent communication with the Euxine, as virtually to have established a new route for the migration of Asiatic cholera into

Europe; by which route he thinks it highly probable that the present infection of Russia was effected; and in the same sense, but prospectively, Mr. Radcliffe refers with apprehension to the probable influence of the line of railway, now soon to be partly opened, from Baku on the Caspian to Poti on the Euxine. It is, of course, an obvious and serious consideration, that, in proportion as movement becomes quicker towards the great markets of Europe from the constantly infected pilgrimage resorts of Persia and India, there is withdrawn one of the protective conditions which have hitherto made cholera so exceptional in Europe."

With reference to small-pox,

"The report of Mr. Simon on the public health for the last year says that the epidemic of small-pox from which England has been suffering, has been far severer than any which has been witnessed of late years, or probably since the general use of vaccination. It appears to have killed in England, within the year, nearly 23,000 persons, including 7,876 of the population of London; and even at the present time there is no reason to suppose that the epidemic has nearly completed its course. The severity of this epidemic became evident in two different ways; first, by the extraordinary multitude of persons whom the disease attacked, and, secondly, by the extraordinary intensity of the disease in its individual cases. At the London Small-pox Hospital, where 950 cases were treated during the year, the deaths in proportion to the cases were nearly twice as many as the average experience of the hospital for thirty-two years would have prognosticated."

This is written in May, 1872; it will be remembered our letters on "Small-pox Encampments" bear date 4th March, 1871.

Regarding that revolting and terrible social plague to which we drew attention last year, what can be more significant of the reaction of public feeling on the subject, and the triumph of truth over error and vituperation, than the spectacle of that deputation to the Home Secretary on the 11th of May last, of no less than 154 influential members of Parliament—of all shades of opinion—protesting against retrograde legislation, and *beseeching* a timid government to protect the public in the vital interests of its national health.

Many of the subsequent letters have appeared in various journals, and as each contribution has endeavoured to illustrate some principle of importance, their utility may still further be recognised. The results of “No Thoroughfare” have already borne good fruit, and the preservation of our commons, parks, forests, and open spaces for the people is a measure that will not fail of accomplishment. The essay on Ritualism, headed “Our Errant Clergy”, has recently received most remarkable confirmation in the striking sermon of Monsignor Capel at the pro-cathedral at Kensington, and reported in the *Times* of 14th May. The articles “Typhoid,” “Vaccination,” and “Malaria,”

each seek to convey their own instruction, and their appropriate moral, and to illustrate in plain English some of the problems of scientific controversy. The remaining essays and satires on the social occurrences of the day may not be without use, if they only serve as landmarks for the future, or mementoes of an interesting past.

London, June 1st, 1872.

NO THOROUGHFARE.

To the Editor of the "Times."

SIR,—I put my pen into an old blotting-book, took a thick stiek, my cheek-book, and a good pair of legs, and wandered among the wilds of South Cornwall and North Devon, leaving our old friends William and Benjamin to fight it out as best they might this lovely weather.

Well, the least I expect when I place my purse at their service is, that the good people of Sandysheils will let me alone to roam over their pebbly beach, their moss-grown headlands, and purple downs.

Not a bit of it. I will leave Cornwall for the present and take you to the lovely nooks of North Devon. Here, where I wandered years ago without let or hindrance, fished, sketched, roved about caves, eorners, coves, and eovers, are now spiked fences, man traps, spring guns, and every other deterrent abomination.

In Clovelly—one of the choicest sea-side nooks of old England—where my old schoolfellow Kingsley did as he list, are all kinds of modern obstruc-

tion, to the annoyance of the traveller and the disgust of the lover of the picturesque. Do you wish to stroll through the "Hobby",—a gateway, and 6d. to pay; to the "Wilderness", another harpy and another 6d.; and, when you mildly remonstrate, the honoured name of Colonel Fane, the owner of Clovelly-court, is dropped into the begging hat.

At Ilfracombe and Linton—well-beloved haunts of the painter and the poet—the same servile innovation awaits you. In spots where only a few years ago I strolled at will, over gigantic crags, wave-worn rocks, or precipitous hill-sides, tangled with furze, eglantine, and honeysuckle, I can only pass now through gateways, guarded fences, and at the demand of a toll; and on my right and on my left stares in my face the following notice:—

"Whoever is found trespassing on these premises" (wild rocks, mind you, covered only with grey herbage and the many coloured lichen) "will be prosecuted.

"By order,

"F. WESTLAKE, Secretary."

Sea-gods of the cavern; nymphs of the grove; and fairies of the sacred ring—Listen! Beware! and tremble!

Hark! there are echoes of loud laughter on the wind!

At Linton, by one of those pleasant waterfalls in that pretty valley of the Lyn,—hemmed in by huge red rocks that fifty Titans could not have

stirred,—the same offensive placard meets your eye, and here, in sheer desperation, a wag, dear to one's heart, has painted on a mighty boulder this modest request :—

“ Please don't remove this stone ! ”

Would it be believed, the Lord of the Manor could not see the joke !

Now, what I wish to urge is a healthier tone among the owners of property which happens to be a favourite resort with the ramblers and scramblers of England, old and young. Property has its duties as well as its rights, however much the “ other side ” may be disposed to deny our claims. No one would willingly injure a blade of grass, or a stick of underwood, upon these breezy downs or bosky hill-sides, and if they did, so much the better for next year's growth. But what I deprecate is this constant interference with our city-bound Rambler's longings and feelings. This accursed money question is cropping up in all our pet landscapes and loved saunterings, not only here but in every other sight-seeing locality or object of interest, and becoming a nuisance perfectly unbearable and detestable, and which will before long assuredly recoil on owners of land, leaving not a spot worth visiting, and ruining the popularity of a district the name of which in bygone days alone was a charm.

Will our good friends reflect that the beauties

of God's nature are not all their own, that accident has given them what they possess, and that to deny their fellow-creatures a peep into His loveliness is at once selfish, unbecoming, and to be re-sented? And as for this eternal reduction of everything to coin, this curse of the nineteenth century, we in England seem scraping together a mass of molten metal that will scorch our hands and sear our hearts, and go, when the country is disgraced, to pay some huge indemnity.

Your obedient servant,

T. A.

The Torrs, Ilfracombe, North Devon,
September 9, 1871.

From amongst several letters, and leading articles in journals, of various shades of opinion, which this correspondence elicited, the subjoined short note to the *Times* may be introduced.

To the Editor of the "Times."

SIR,—Kingsley's schoolfellow, who writes in your journal of this day, has already been of benefit to the picturesque region from which the missive issues—Ilfracombe.

The local board of that town have decided to dedicate to the public the Hillsborough estate (one of the most romantic spots in Devon), and to lay it out in ornamental grounds; to further this

object I have agreed to let the sixty acres for a trifling rental.

Yours obediently,

J. BOWEN MAY.

67, Russell Square, London,

Sept. 13th.

To the Editor of the "Times."

SIR,—My best thanks are due to your correspondents for their comments on my letter in the *Times* of the 13th, and chief of all to Mr. Bowen May, who came to the point at once and hit the nail on the head. If others would be as public-spirited and as clear-sighted, their interests and those of the public would be secured.

My remarks were made, not to injure any locality, but to preserve it, to elicit opinion, and to illustrate a principle which is applicable to the whole of England. It is the visitor, the tourist, the traveller, who have "made," who support, and who cause these beautiful resorts to flourish, and in return the least they expect is to be allowed to enjoy their attractions in peace: grant them this, and these pretty hamlets and sea-side nooks will thrive and prosper; begrudge, refuse them, disgust their patrons, and the place will relapse into its original obscurity.

What are the Local Boards about to allow private individuals, companies, or I care not what,

to buy out a lovely landscape, obstruct a headland, or filch and fence out a right of way, and in gratifying one selfish whim to destroy the delight of thousands?

I repeat, this folly, this artistic crime, is being perpetrated all over England, for there are few spots I have left unvisited, and I have had everywhere to deplore the change; and it is time this Vandalism of nature vanished for ever. I, for one, protest against God's gifts of forest and flood being improved off the face of the earth to suit the caprice of some vulgar capitalist, or the avarice of a "limited liability."

Your correspondents know well it is not the sixpences or the coppers and other pettifogging exactions—discreditable to the neighbourhood—which annoy the visitor, so much as the sense of constriction, surveillance, and interference that dog you at every step. Let the Town Councils buy up these petty interests—they would find it true wisdom—and throw open their grounds to the public. Let encroachments such as I have described be forbidden, and every attraction enhanced and not destroyed. Let them keep in the background their ugly villas and their trumpery "improvements," and leave God's beauties alone. At the rate this meddling mischief is going on, in a year or two we shan't have a single spot unenclosed, a single corner undefiled.

As at present managed, everything is exacted

from the luckless traveller and nothing conceded, and if my friend from "Linton" (he must excuse the local orthography) will read my remarks again, and think over the general principles of the case—not quite forgetting the "British public"—he will find that what I have said is strictly true, and, what is a much more serious matter, will inevitably come to pass.

Your obedient servant,

T. A.

Tenby, South Wales,

16th Sept., 1871.

SEA-SIDE BEGGING.

To the Editor of the "SandysHELLS Observer."

SIR,—I was walking down the main street of SandysHELLS that leads to the Quay the other day, and a sturdy little urchin, with bright healthy cheeks and well-set limbs, ran up to me with, "Give me a penny?" "Penny!" said I, in some astonishment; "YOU a penny! and who told you to ask for it?" The little fellow, rather abashed, turned round and ran off. I had taken my accustomed stroll on the sands, and was returning home, when a pretty little child, evidently belonging to the better class of cottier, came sidling up to me, and with her head on one side, finger between her parted lips, and one toe resting timidly on the opposite foot, lisped out, "Penny, please?"—"Penny, my dear!" I inquiringly asked; "and *you* want a penny, too?" Now, I'm fond of children, and like to humour them, and crack a joke occasionally, so I looked at her very seriously; put my hand in my pocket. She didn't know whether to smile or run away; I felt deeper, quizzing her all the while.

"You naughty little thing, you; you ought to

be ashamed of yourself. Why, you're as bad as the *gentlemen* who own the old ruins about here—Manorbier, Carew, and Pembroke Castles, which *they* never built, nor their grandfathers either. You're as bad as the people where the Lydstep Caves are, on the sea-shore; *they* never made them—God made them—and yet they took money from me when I went to see them." She took heart, and came quite close, for she saw me rummaging very carefully. "Ah," said I, "you're all very naughty. Why don't your gentry do like Mr. Mathias here? He don't charge people for seeing his pretty ivy-grown ruins and moss-clad towers; he don't put bars on his gates, and ugly old men and fat old women over the mouldering relics of Lamphey; he don't put trespass notices up on his walls, and say he'll send you to prison if you come near his grounds. People go and draw pretty pictures in *his* place, and write funny tales, because the fairies about the place come and tell them such nice little stories, and they put them all down, and mother tells them to you when you go home." The child came and pressed herself against me; she'd forgotten all about the penny, and when I pulled out my purse I saw her eyes moisten as she motioned it away, and said, "No, no; tell us what the fairies did."

Now, sir, there is something wrong in Sandys-hells. Who teach these children to beg? Only yesterday a fisherman begged from me on the

sands, a porter on the Quay, and a car-driver from his box ! What are the clergy about ? What are the gentry about ? What are the Sunday-school teachers about ?

In Italy the mother takes her babe's hand from her breast and holds it out for an alms. In Ireland Paddy seems to have a prescriptive right to accost you ; he calls upon the " Vargin" to bless you, or the " Divil" to curse you, quicker than you can get to either in a railway carriage, according as you give or withhold the paltry dole. But we are in *England*, sir, and I am sure our friends the Welsh would scorn to accept an alms (except the really poor who need it) or sanction a custom which seems to be creeping in amongst them. Independence of character—national pride—wholesome shame—should all be called in to check a vice that can only bring *poverty* and contempt on the people who encourage it.

I am not at all sure that the well-to-do folk are altogether blameless in this matter, for I see the hat going round at all hours of the day, and at every available opportunity. Why, here's our friend Richard Mason of the Library, he seizes hold of me after about ten minutes' acquaintance, and without the slightest provocation, " We shall want an article from you, sir !" and absolutely has the effrontery to charge me for the very foolscap, ink, and pens with which this identical letter is written.

I fear there is another class of the community whose example it were well *not* to follow too closely in this matter—I mean the clergy. But, then, the parsons are not ashamed of anything. They turn their backs to you in church; they are so blind that they light candles in the day time; and, when you want to be quiet, they distress you by perpetually nodding their heads as if they were dropping off to sleep, and performing other attitudes not suitable or seemly for grown-up people. But in the matter of begging, of all the persevering and accomplished mendicants in the world, in every season and out of every season, commend me to our friends—the parsons!

Your obedient servant,

T. A.

Sandysbells, South Wales,

Sept. 30, 1871.

OUR LONDON SQUARES.

HAS it never struck one on turning from the hub-bub and bustle of our main thoroughfares into the quiet of one of our west-end squares, how melancholy and desolate appears that open space surrounded by lofty buildings, rust-corroded railings, soot-grimed elm branches, whose boughs and leaves are struggling for life, and with scarce a sign of animation where all around is hurry and hot haste? When London is daily enlarging its boundaries, when close alleys and fever-stricken hovels reek side by side with the mansion of the noble or the palace of a bank-director, it does strike a poor wanderer, like myself, to see these open spaces unutilised, and with not even the traditional nurse-maid, or timid school-girl, pacing the prim gravel stuck in the middle of this mighty desert to tempt and to tantalise the wayfarer.

On speaking to a friend, who resides in one of the largest of these squares, he remarked, "Do you know, I sometimes take my cigar of an evening in that square. The sense of desolation is sometimes overpowering. I might do what I

liked, and no one would see me ; I might be garrotted, and no one would hear me."

Now, when experience has proved that the poorer classes appreciate the flower-planted borders of Hyde Park and of Regent's Park ; when we see how they flock for a little fresh air to all the open spaces about London ; when the health and recreation of our pent-up thousands is becoming a question that cannot safely be much longer delayed ; when restrictions invidious and impolitic are flaunted like a red rag before the faces of the lower orders, then I say it is convenient and most expedient to take these matters into serious consideration.

We have spoken of the "lower," so will now say a word for the "upper" classes. How many ladies from adjoining localities, not possessing the right of *entrée* ; how many gentlemen, invalids, writers, men of business, glad to get a moment from the turmoil of the dusty streets ; how many governesses, young ladies, and children of tender years, daily complaining of rudeness and insult on the pavement, would gladly accept the privilege of a walk in those grounds ? Under proper restrictions, similar to those enforced in the adjoining parks, and under the eye of the gold-banded custodian, who at present takes the greatest care of empty space ; with due regulations as to hours of opening and closing, and, judicious glance at "rag and famish," and the "rough" element, we might

make these wildernesses bright and cheerful with merry groups, and add much to the comfort and healthiness of the surrounding population.

We must, with due consideration, say one word for the residents.

In such squares as Cavendish, Grosvenor, Berkeley, and others surrounded by houses of the nobility, their objection would not, I presume, be very formidable, for the simple reason that they are seldom or never in residence; and in the summer time, when the gardens would be most enjoyed, their gentry are generally away on the Continent, or at the sea-side. With regard to Russell and Bedford Square, and Lincoln's Inn Fields, the boon would be still greater, situated as they are in denser neighbourhoods, and further away from the parks; and properly represented, I feel sure the residents would give the matter every favourable attention. For the rest, I am sanguine that when the subject is fairly considered, and the arguments of the philanthropist are added to those of social policy, and the growing necessities of health and recreation in our crowded cities, this boon will not long be denied to the public, but will be conceded with a cheerfulness and grace which will be its own reward, and equal to the real importance of the subject submitted for consideration.

London, S.W.,

November 19th, 1871.

OUR ERRANT CLERGY.

IN these days when it behoves us to look where we are leaping, and narrowly to watch the treasure intrusted to us, it is in the press and in publicity that our hopes centre—to correct abuse and to expose imposture.

The following sketch, which now, alas ! may be witnessed not only in the metropolis and its “suburb super-mare,” but in nearly every county in England, exhibits to what lengths this trifling with so-called “Ritualism” has brought us ; and in what before long, unless we take heed, it will assuredly eventuate.

To arrest the progress of this pestilential disease, this national disgrace, it is for the Legislature to interfere, unless it would abdicate its functions as the last tribunal of a Protestant kingdom, and earn the ridicule and contempt of every surrounding nation. To our story. I was quietly walking with my prayer-book, as is my wont, one bright Sabbath morning, when I found myself, why I know not, in the “wrong place,” for my accustomed House of Prayer was a little further on. However, I entered, removed my hat, took the

nearest seat, and, by the look of the place, somehow or other thought I had got into some cheap, second-rate theatre. There were red and purple hangings, flowers, crosses, candles, and a stuffy smell of an apothecary's shop about the place. There were texts on the walls in characters I could not read, and in colours which, to my artistic sense, would not blend. Then the organ began, the people came crowding in, mostly women, and touched themselves, and sat, the males on one side, and the ladies on the other. The people then stood up (though many tired from a long walk), while a string of white people in soiled night-gowns—at least, so I thought—with dropped head and sullen demeanour, walked along the aisle to their appointed places. The service began; but why should I go on? I came to pray, but what with the constant getting up and sitting down, music, discordant chants, bowing, kneeling, scraping, screwing round, I, a poor worshipper, was so confused, irritated, and bewildered with what I had always associated with quiet, calm devotion, that I could neither attend, think, worship, nor respond. There was so much nodding and bobbing, especially among the ladies (the men appeared to be nowhere, or indifferent), that I thought the whole congregation at times afflicted with St. Vitus's dance. I also noticed that those most given to curtseying were the worst addicted to giggling and unseemly whispering during portions of the

service. The Psalms were sung in words and sounds I could not follow, and the Lessons were read in a stiff, sing-song tone that had no meaning or emphasis whatever.

Then came the more solemn part of the service, which I shrink from describing. More men in long black coats, with their "nightshirts" outside their dresses (uncommonly short, by the way), look-cold and disrespectful, considering the place they were in. When we go to bed at night, I'm sure we don't worship God in such scant clothing; we have more respect for ourselves and Him. Then there were mutterings I could not interpret—something like the letters on the wall I could hardly decipher. I omit, from deep reverence, a certain portion of the rite which followed; it was a mockery! The lit candles did not smell nicely, and they guttered, and there was a faint sickly smoke, as if the place wanted ventilation. The men in the "bedgowns," and boys dressed like women, turned their backs to us, bowed, bent, knelt, and went through sundry evolutions that we couldn't understand, and in tones we could scarcely hear, till I thought I was before the stage of a small provincial theatre, with some mummerly or dumb-show going on I was expected to applaud; for there were tinsel and tawdry gimeracks on the hindermost part of the actors, as if they were ashamed to turn their faces to the audience. There were pharisaical chin-droppings, clasped

hands, crooked legs, and tipping the chest, like pitting holes in a dumpling ; and when afterwards one of them got into the pulpit, he gesticulated and banged about, and wrung his hands, and turned up his eyes, and raved about the blessed this and the blessed that over and over again, without point or sequence, that my tired eyes and sated ears could hold out no longer. At the conclusion of the performance, they sent round small red bags on the top of a stick for money. There was more bowing and scraping, and at last, forming line, they left the church.

Now, Protestants, am I to be told this is the Church of England ? Are these men worshipping God ? They know they are *not* ; they are neither manly, sensible, nor honest. They are ministering to the sensational cravings of idle women, practising the confessional, pandering to Rome, and only indulging in the frivolous antics of childish mountebanks ; to show their own conceit, to hide the deficiencies of an empty brain and powerless mind with the foolscap and the millinery of a doll's-house. If they *will* ape Rome, why not go over to Rome ? Let them go, say I, and joy go with them. But to allow them to remain in the Church is a scandal and a shame. What are our Bishops about to permit such scarecrows to infest the Church ? These prelates are drawing the pay of the nation ; have *they* gone over to the enemy ? They are living in palaces, and eating the fat of the land,

and yet are leaving unperformed their sacred functions. If they cannot, or *will* not, execute their trust—as we have remarked in another place—if they are afraid to act, let them abdicate their office, and be translated into impotent obscurity, and not left to connive at or encourage practices as un-English and as baneful as no other nation would for a moment endure. There be some timid imbeciles in lawn-sleeves that whine “the law paralyzes them.” Then let the law be altered. Even then they would not act. Then, say I, abolish such Bishops! If these shams are papists, let them be papists; I have then not a word to say. It is no concern of mine; we are well rid of them. But to let them betray, pollute, the Church of England, is a scandal to the present generation. If the Church is in danger, as some suppose, depend upon it these are not the men that will save it, but rather dishonour and defile it, and then drag it downwards to destruction.

These are not times, believe me, for glossing over misdeeds, or mincing words. We allow these fungi—these parasites—to strangle the oaks of the country; and when the sap is clean gone, turn round and wonder the tree is so bare and barren. Have a care that the worm at the root eats not so deep that extermination becomes impossible!

Once more; it is time to act, not talk. If the Lord be God, serve Him; but if Baal, him. If the country is to go to Rome, when every other civi-

lised nation is throwing her off, then let us do it with our eyes open, and our hands and hearts ready to be bound. But we will not without a struggle permit this nuisance to remain ; we will *not* allow the manly and independent mental growth of this nation to be stunted by Jesuitical casuistry, or lying pretence. A distinguished writer, in another place, rightly named it “pestilent nonsense.” I indorse the phrase, with the prefix, “Contemptible rubbish” ; and I have heard light-speaking men sneer at it by the rude name of “skittles.”

With a little more firmness on the part of our Bishops ; a little more care and discrimination in the selection of our Principals, Professors, and Tutors, at our seats of learning ; a little less tampering with the vital principles of the Reformed Faith, and a *determination* to exclude any paltry impostor from office or preferment, we should not have to lament the rapidly-increasing strides of the mummary depicted, or the impudent pretensions of our Errant Clergy.

Brighton, 5th November, 1871.

PENNY WISDOM AND POUND FOLLY.

THE BATHING-PLACES, BEACHES, AND HILLSIDES OF ILFRACOMBE.

A VISITOR'S WARNING.

To the Editor of the "Ilfracombe Chronicle."

SIR,—Before leaving Ilfracombe, I desire permission, as an old and frequent visitor, and one who has spent some amount of money in the town, to say a few words on some of the improvements needed by your favourite watering-place.

In another journal it has been my privilege to point out a few of the *detractions* at present existing in Ilfracombe—I will now proceed to one of its chief attractions—bathing.

It is to be presumed that every resident proprietor, be he hotel-keeper, tradesman, boatman, or lodging-house keeper, desires to *keep* his visitors. Good, let us see how your people manage this: and as my remarks are thoroughly practical, and are designed for application, I will illustrate my meaning in my own person. One of my chief reasons for remaining at your pleasant retreat is my morning plunge in the sea. How do I get it? You shall see. I walked down, yesterday, to Rap-

paree Cove, and found the only entry to the shore and beach shut out by a door; and under padlock and key, closed against the public. On inquiry I find this obstruction totally illegal; and the sea-beach—always public property—being thus monopolized, wholly indefensible. I turn back and go to the Tunnels Beach; I find the iron gateway chained and padlocked—no attendant. In both cases you see “Dog in the Manger;” *they* did not use the place themselves nor suffer their visitors to use it! Hence I lost my bath in both directions; and, what is more to our present purpose, *another* public sea-beach cut off from your constituents. Taking my towels I pursue my walk back for some distance, and at last get a dip before breakfast.

Now, sir, I ask you as a resident, as an organ of opinion, as a tradesman—is this right? is it politic? is it fair to visitors—to your own householders? We will apply the ease. In one week, five gentlemen, besides myself, left Ilfracombe because we could not get our morning sea bath; but found obstructions in every direction. These five gentlemen spent at the Ilfracombe Hotel a minimum of half-a-guinea a day, or an average each of fifteen shillings. They and their families, in the town, market, shops, and district each about two guineas a week more; multiply the other hotels and lodging-houses, and consider the abstract weekly loss to your town. For these six-

pennies, threepennies, and coppers, or total denials thus imposed, a direct loss has been inflicted upon you of as many pounds, which may be safely calculated at some £40 in last week alone. What has it amounted to during the season? Your *natural* difficulties for sea bathing on account of the rocky coast, are already formidable enough; why multiply them by artificial restrictions? Need I say another word?

Before I conclude, I will add one more remark on my former strictures regarding the Torrs Walks. This obstruction is a financial and social blunder! Instead of finding a solitary bath-chair or a melancholy invalid crawling up that once favourite scramble—were the toll taken off, and the place thrown open, the hill-side would be covered with hundreds of laughing groups, scampering children, and admiring visitors; and *another* of the inducements for *remaining* in Ilfracombe, *added* to those already recommended, but which as yet, from the short-sighted policy at present adopted, goes far to deter. If your townfolk had their wits about them, they would have combined long ago to rectify these flagrant mistakes. By a little arrangement with the proprietors of these several “obstructions” their pecuniary rights would be secured; but where it can be proved that the *public* rights-of-way have been usurped by the unscrupulousness of individuals, or the laxity of the local board, let them be forthwith abolished.

For the rest, if, after this warning, penned by no unfriendly hand, and which I am sure has been moderately and fairly stated on behalf of the public, these recommendations be adopted, I, for one, will continue, as I have always done, to promote the well-being of Ilfracombe. Should my next visit find them unaltered, I will assuredly use what influence I possess to recommend visitors "elsewhere!"

Your obedient servant,

T. A.

Ilfracombe, 18th October, 1871.

“WHAT IS MALARIA?”*

WE have read with pleasure, if not with consent, “Malaria,” a work on the causes of febrile diseases at home and abroad. If the pawns, knights, and bishops on a chess-board were arranged so as *not* to win, our author could hardly have placed his facts and his deductions in a more hopeless condition as regards “*conviction*.”

We will do the volume before us the justice of saying that we have not skimmed its contents, but *read* them, and as our own personal knowledge of India, and of our old enemy “Malaria,” dates from a quarter of a century back; and as we have visited the places our author describes; we shall not be accused of treating the book without due familiarity with the subject, especially as sundry twinges in the limbs and joints, in wet weather, not seldom remind us.

To take a rapid glance through the pages of “Malaria.” Our author states in his first chapter the views of ancient and modern observers, but

* By C. F. Oldham, Esq., M.R.C.P.E., etc., Assistant-Surgeon H. M. Indian Forces. London: H. K. Lewis, Gower Street. 1871.

the summing up of their evidence points *unreservedly* to the generation of a *specific* poison.

Chapters two and three treat of the geography of "Malaria," and rightly exempt not a spot on the globe, its intensity only varying with the temperature of the climate, and the amount of heat, moisture, and the season of the year; but even here our author uses the word "Malaria," and if not in the sense of a *specific* poison we are at a loss to understand the meaning of words. The property of water to produce fever is now discussed; we never placed much reliance on this allegation, however much dysentery, typhoid, and especially cholera may owe their origin to decomposing matters—germs, or other animalculæ in drinking water. But of the other statements relative to malarious districts, trades, &c., our own experience, *in propria persona*, yields most conflicting testimony; and as one pennyworth of fact is worth pounds of theory or argument, we may enliven our remarks by interspersing this review with a few personal observations of our own.

In the hot weather of 1852 we took a trip to Cashmere from our military station of Rawul-Pindee, in the Punjaub, marching by the Murree-pass route over the Peer Punjâl range of the Himalayas, and returning to the plains by Jummo and the territories of the then reigning Rajah, the celebrated Gholâb Sing. Our stay in that lovely valley was most delightful, but there was a good

deal of stiff and fatiguing marching over the snow-covered passes of those elevated regions, and shooting and fishing in exposed situations, which afterwards reached some 16,000 to 20,000 feet high; but it was in the *lowest* levels, just before debouching on the plains, that we *felt* the insalubrity of the climate; our march to our station took us a fortnight more; but mark! it was not till we had settled down to the quiet of our station life (repose after excitement) that we began to feel the effects of our previous exertions and exposure; and now came the reaction, the poison we had inhaled lay *latent* in the system, just as the severer forms of the “exanthematous” fevers incubate in this climate; and in a day or two more we were on our back with a pretty sharp attack of the regular intermittent fever. If that is not a case of miasmatic inhalation we don’t know what is, argue it away as you will.

Chapters four to ten treat of the drying of the soil dissipating miasma—malaria occurring in dry and rocky situations—ploughed and newly-broken land being innocuous, and the gases usually considered as breeding miasma, *not* producing untoward symptoms.

Now we submit that the first is the very point in dispute; and that damp, warmth, and vegetation, *do* generate the poison in question. What of the Dismal Swamps in America, what of Mark Tapley’s Eden? fictions verily, but from what cruel

realities drawn. We *believe* in the gravitation of malaria as much as in the experiment of the sparrow or rabbit of our childhood's days suffocated by immersion in the glass jar, or of our long-suffering friend, the dog at the Grotto de' Cani at Naples, in our later travels. What, again, about the foul and mephitic air of old wells, and places where the atmosphere is allowed to stagnate; in valleys where no ventilation disturbs the miasma; what about the choke-damp of our coal-mines? These are all exaggerations of the same principle, with simply an *intensity* of the poison. Why, the very practice of our travelling in India, from the earliest times, has always been with *this* most indispensable precaution. We cross the deadliest valleys at the foot of our hills in the *day* time, and *awake*; we take care that the whole journey shall be completed *before* nightfall, or we keep the doors of our palanquin *shut*. If we sleep in the open air we take care to be surrounded with mosquito-curtains, and every appliance is directed, not against chill, but against the mal-air;—if that does not convey the idea of a lurking poison we are at a loss to know what does. Again, it is the men on night duty, sentries—whether European or native—that suffer from the “intermittent,” not the officers, asleep in their bungalows, except those exposed to the same nocturnal influences. And here, again, we must trespass on the reader's patience for an illustration. In travelling at night

on one of our long palanquin journeys, in the plains, and entering one of the native villages on our route, the scene is most striking: the light, shade, and effect are never to be obliterated from the memory. You are suddenly awoke from a sound sleep by the setting down of your "*palki*," the chattering of the bearers in the profound darkness, lit only by the flaring torch that is carried before you; the hum of the insects, the fire-flies dancing about the hanging branches of the banyan or tamarind tree, the aromatic scent of an Indian bazaar, and the drugged, heavy odours from the "Bunyards" shops; all leave a peculiar impression on the half-waking faculties. But the strangest scene of all are the lumps of mummy-like objects lying about in the open air, on door-ways, stretched in the middle of the road, or, like corpses shrouded after a pestilence, neglected and forgotten. Shake, shout, vociferate as you will, it is only after long and repeated efforts that you get a stifled grunt, and then the chrysalis unfolds, and behold! a human being emerges, and answers your summons. It is the "native" taking his night's rest, as he has done from time immemorial; his whole body is wrapped in his long winding "*chudder*," and his head and face completely enveloped from the midnight air. He knows instinctively that the malaria is a *poison*, and takes the most effectual way of counteracting its effects.

We have somewhere read of a panacea for all

diseases by not sleeping with your mouth open ; and the quaint writer gravely asserts that we should all be the better for the shutting of our mouths in sleep.

We have already alluded to one mode of *Dâk* travelling in India, and the protection afforded by the screen of the mosquito curtain, and if such or a similar appliance as a veil, or respirator, *could* be given to our troops, night duties would not exact the penalties they do. In our duty at Peshawur from 1859 to 1861, when Her Majesty's troops, especially the 7th Royal Fusiliers, were nearly decimated with fever, and the native troops (our own regiment, the 2nd Bengal Cavalry) having nearly every man in hospital, hardly one of the European officers was affected, and ourselves not at all. Surely here is evidence of a definite and subtle poison generated in the atmosphere. The same fatality and the same immunity occurred with the native regiments at Gorruckpore, near Bengal, contrasting with the civil and military officers cantoned in that malarious station, the only exception being from needless exposure, as hereafter to be noticed.

As for the fact of fevers occurring in dry, rocky, or even sandy plains, equally with marshy districts, we frankly admit we cannot account for it. They *do* occur. Our experience of Mooltan, of the Fort of Kangra, Mean Meer, Ferozpore, all in the driest and healthiest parts of the Punjaub,

proves the existence of malarious assaults in *all* localities at certain seasons of the year. As for the exhalations from disintegrated rock, newly-ploughed, or excavated ground, being noxious, that is simply absurd. But when we come to the effluvia from the decomposing gases, the stench of sewers, and the foul air of cesspools and drains, *not* producing inconvenience (page 58), *then* we beg entirely to differ from our strong-stomached author, our own olfactory, gustatory, and gastric functions utterly revolting from the inflicted ordeal.

Regarding quinine (chapter eight), we beg to declare our utmost respect for it; for as the question of malarious poison is begged throughout, we cannot allow our old and *true* friend to have the slightest suspicion cast upon his character. But, whatever the cause of the disease is, or whatever value quinine may have, the safest way is to treat malaria *as* a poison. It simplifies and defines practice, and the results are none the worse. *Of course* chills bring on relapses of ague; we ourselves suffered long *after* the primary attacks, in the Campagna at Rome, at Naples, at Strasbourg, and on our return to England—the latter a very severe seizure. But chills bring on catarrh, diarrhoea, lumbago, dysentery, rheumatism, and fifty other disorders. In India—especially in the “rains”—we are subject to chills every hour in the day; and if they are the only cause, “or abstraction of heat from the body” the root of the matter,

we should never be without a fever from one year's end to another.

We have now completed the first portion of our subject, and proceed to consider the action of seasons on miasma, the characteristics of malaria, and the effects of exposure to its influence, concluding the subject with the beneficial action of change of climate and on the theory of acclimatization.

Chapters ten and eleven are well worth attentive perusal. They open very important matters for reflection, and can only be appreciated by following out the author's train of reasoning in his own words, however much we may be disposed to differ from him. We may touch upon a few points. The variation of temperature being greatest between autumn and winter, and between sunset and nightfall, causing the greatest amount of sickness, especially the rapidity of the changes; even when the temperature is lowest, and the localities being with or without marsh land (page 76). Again, Ireland, Singapore, and the Amazon country enjoying immunity from fevers is accounted for by the *equability* of the temperature. The variations of temperature requiring to be supplemented by the chilling influence of moisture (page 84); ague attacking the ill-fed and cachectic first; then those enfeebled by former disease; and lastly, those *most* exposed to its malign influence. We have given our own views on this subject before, tracing them clearly to a specific poison. We now come

to the very important subject of irrigation, of which we have had some experience (page 87). In Peshawur, on the banks of the Baree-Doāb Canals, the Western Jumna and Delhi Canals, and about Kurnaul, we ourselves saw the ill-effects of irrigation when the surplus waters were *not* carried off by effectual drainage. Whole districts were depopulated by fever, and whole towns and stations deserted. Surely not all these were "chilled" out of their homes, where they had lived for centuries? The "*Jheels*" round our own stations of Peshawur, Delhi, and Gorruckpore, and the drinking water, were alone sufficient to account for the insalubrity of those cantonments.

Chapter twelve opens with a startling assertion, "that the latency of 'Malaria' by day, and its energy by night are totally irreconcilable with the supposition of its being an organic poison." Will our author remember that "night" air is one of the very factors in the problem. As well make an effervescing draught of an alkali alone, without its acid: it *requires* the electrical condition of the night air to *evolve* the material of the miasm already latent in the atmosphere; and as regards the presence of the poison at all elevations, our own observations in the Himalayas, at Dhurmsala, Subathoo, and Dugshai, each over 5,000 feet, and Simlah, Dalhousie, and Murree, 7,200 to 8,000 feet, all gave us cases of the intermittent, *but* of a slight character in comparison with that of the plains.

We now come (chapters thirteen and fourteen) to the malarias of the sea-shore, in vessels *at sea*, and on land at the gorges of the hills, already noticed, in all of which situations the rapid changes of temperature and scanty clothing are made accountable for the disease, and are to be avoided accordingly. Of the anomalies in the unhealthiness of various stations we next get a few pages, ending with the value of smoke as a precipitant of malaria. In this we cordially agree. We believe that the smoke of cities, *not its gases*, is *most* valuable; for just as a putrid solution is rendered limpid and pure by being shaken up with charcoal, so in large cities in unhealthy districts the poisonous and mephitic vapours are decomposed by the presence of carbon. Unpleasant and inconvenient as it is, we hardly know what we owe to the presence of this compound in the atmosphere. Did space allow, we could give many instances in travelling of our escape from fever or infectious disease by the choking atmosphere from the *wood-fire* of a native hut. We therefore hold that, though, *per se*, smoke may be reckoned a nuisance in a high or airy situation, yet in a dense and crowded population in an unhealthy district its decomposing virtues have still to be acknowledged.

The remaining chapters treat of the effect of long exposure to heat, and of the intensity of the same producing the diseases of "insolation," and the severer remittents—we would rather class

these with "shock" to the nervous centres on the brain and spinal chord. The difference of the suffering between officer and soldier has been before alluded to ; and, in this place, we are glad to insist on the immense prophylactic influence of bodily and mental employment. Good food, clothing, and shelter may do much, but, above all, let the mind be employed. No one has had more reason to be grateful, after a long and arduous service in the tropics, than ourselves; for we had much severe fighting in the second Sikh war, at the siege of Mooltan, the battle of Goozrat, and the hill campaigns of a later period, for we never had *time* to be idle. The fishing-rod, the rifle, the sketch-book, music, debate, the library, the pen, should all be pressed into the service of one who has to encounter the tedium of exile, or the debilitating effects of an Eastern sun.

Chapters sixteen to eighteen reiterate the classes of cases, and the stations of these epidemics, and the changes of climate necessary to a restoration to health. For ourselves, we believe that *any* change is beneficial, even to a less bracing locality, and base our reasons on mental grounds, faith in change, and the relief from the tedium of routine and monotony. Novelty is an immense renovator, even in the simplest affairs of life. Of course, in graver complications a *total* change of climate, sea air, and a colder region are necessary; but how much is due to the negative value of *leaving* a

pestilential district. Again, we cordially agree in discountenancing the term "acclimatization," "malaria-proof," and such like errors. You might just as well say liquor-proof, or poison-proof. On the contrary, the body becomes *more sensitive*, while habit adjusts the constitution to the climate; and this is what enables residents to fortify themselves against the inroads of the ever-present "pestilence that walketh in darkness, and the destruction that wasteth at noonday."

We must now take leave of our author's most readable volume; we have rapidly sketched its principal traits, and have fairly noticed its salient points, and have set down naught in malice. The industry and research with which he has prosecuted his inquiries are most creditable, and often ingenious. He has collected a mass of information rarely brought by medical men to bear on the subject which he treats, and we give him full credit for a desire to arrive at the truth. But as we remarked at the outset, he fails to *convince*. We believe the gradual decline of health of those living in hot climates and marshy districts to be the imperceptible inhalation of a paludal, or atmospheric, *poison*—call it what you may—and, as we before said, any other theory is likely to mislead, and endanger existing remedies, practice, and precaution. Before closing this notice, we will just relate an adventure that occurred to ourselves, and, as it bears on the point, our readers will perhaps excuse

its narration. On the 10th of March, 1854 (for it is well to be precise on such occasions), we,—namely, the district judge, the rajah of an adjoining county, and the present writer, started for a fortnight's shooting in the Nepaul Terai—some sixty miles north of our station, Gorruckpore. Fortune favoured us. Our splendid line of twenty-four elephants beating the wide morass was a sight in itself not soon to be forgotten. The first day brought to our bag a couple of fine tigers; the second, one; the third, blank; the fourth, three; and so on, till, when our leave expired, we returned to our station with fifteen tigers in eleven days in the field; three wild buffalo, four leopards, one fine panther, three boa constrictors, one bear, and some thirty head of deer, bustard, and wild boar. There are many most interesting details connected with this shooting tour, but we must not detain our readers, as we have already trespassed on their time too long. Are they not written in the sporting chronicles of that delightful period?

Now, as we before remarked, our exposure in such a jungle, and through such swamps as we were obliged to pass in search of our game, *necessitated* paludal inhalation on rather a severe scale, but we well knew “No risk, no tigers!” so we jokingly remarked at the time we were certain to be “in” for it; the only question was, How many day's penance? And, true enough, our turn came;

for a week no untoward symptoms manifested themselves, but towards the tenth day we lay on our back with a "rattling fever," which ultimately obliged our return to England. Now, in this excursion we had all the appliances for a successful battue; we fed like "fighting-cocks," were well clad, had our drinking-water sent out to us for sixty miles, our "Bass" and our wine without stint, and our guns provided us with the "fat of the land." Where was the chill? where the sudden changes of temperature? and other signs that our author so strongly insists on? No, it was simple miasmatic *inhalation*, that you might have been as *certain* to encounter as that you sat in your "*howdah*" above it, hard at your sport.

We have done, we close the book with a hope that it may soon be in the hands of every assistant-surgeon in the service; aye, and of every traveller into foreign regions where he encounters climates and diseases different from his own; for though he may not agree with all our author's premises, or his final deduction, he cannot fail to be interested and enlightened with the mass of varied information that is brought before him.

T. A.

29th April, 1871.

OUR HISTORIC REMAINS.

IN the Correspondence "No Thoroughfare" we endeavoured to arrest public attention to the reprehensible practice of locking up access to scenes of natural beauty, and the selfishness and impolicy of owners of property in popular districts in thus debarring the public from what should be a national privilege.

We have now to direct attention to the scenes and relics of historic interest where the same questionable and unseemly custom prevails, and I trust this will be the last notice it will be necessary to take of this distasteful but yet interesting and important subject. The health and comfort of our town-pent population ; the play of lungs and limb of our sea-side visitors and growing children ; aye, and the very interests, social and commercial, of the owners of houses and land in a popular district, who will *not* appreciate its value till they have lost it, demand that the subject have free discussion, full inquiry, and speedy redress.

We become accustomed in this country to tolerate so many abuses, they have so grown with our growth and increased with our strength, that we

either fail to see their magnitude, and to what they tend ; or look on, bear, grin, and grumble with supreme indifference.

You, Reader, of course have seen, and many other thinking men have not failed to perceive, what underlies the surface of these very serious questions ; namely, the rights of property when those rights interfere with the well-being of the people. You may hold your breath, Sir ; but the wave is coming—on—on—none the less for that ; and it depends entirely on how this difficult but inevitable question is managed, whether that wave glide smoothly on, changing some feature of the coast here and there, and removing a few old landmarks, or whether it dash itself with fury on every created thing, dealing havoc and destruction on all around.

Considerations of space prevent me from enlarging even by one word or idea more than the elucidation of the subject requires ; but there are many other most interesting questions ripe for solution.

It has been my custom in a stirring and eventful life, with many hard knocks in war and peace, to keep my eyes open, ears attentive, and mouth shut, till the proper time for utilising all three arrives ; and he is the true benefactor to his kind who uses his endeavours with the freedom of right, the fearlessness of truth, and the frankness of fair play.

I shall, therefore, as I always do, draw strictly

from nature and fact, and leave the result to speak for itself. I shall take occurrences as they come to hand, for one is the sample of all, and the key to the whole system. I have described North Devon, I will now say a word on South Wales, leaving my friends in Cornwall time to repent.

Yesterday, my friend, Sir Alexander A., one of the most gallant officers in the service, and myself, took a carriage and inspected four of the finest historical ruins in this part of the kingdom. The day was fine, the air exhilarating, and the prospect magnificent. We first alighted at Carew Castle, a fine old fortress in splendid preservation.

Did we find the place open, or a welcome accorded to us? By no means. Locks, chains, and a shilling to an aged rustic before we gained admission. We enjoyed our research into the old place immensely—roving over the crumbling walls and through the Tudor recesses of the ancient place. But we could not get rid of the old man; and goodness knows we could not, even had we been willing, injure walls that had stood nigh a thousand years.

On leaving, we chatted with the rustic, interrogating—

“This place belongs to?”—

“Colonel Carew of Somersetshire. He lets the place, Sir.”

“Good morning, my man.”

On we go to Pembroke Castle. Locks and

barred doors; fat old man, apparently a shoemaker, with a white apron, who absolutely left his honest stall to dog our footsteps through the crumbling ruins of a castle where Henry VII was born. Not a bit of information did he give, nor an inch did he budge, till he shewed us out of the gateway.—Nothing like leather! On leaving, we quietly asked,—

“The owner, my good man?”

“Sir Price Price of Aberystwith. He lets un to we, Sir.”

“Thank you—good morning.”

Another shilling, and the fat, unctuous old cobbler went off to his last!

We jumped into our carriage, and alighted at the ruins of Lamphey Palace. We wandered through the fine park where the old Bishop's fat bucks had browsed and bled. There were no locks, no bars, no chains, no tresspass-notices, for an honest English welcome assailed us. We rambled by open gates, through ivy-clad ruins and crumbling fragments of pointed windows, grotesque gables, and mouldering towers; we feasted our eyes in peace and quiet among its old shrines, and wandered in fancy long ages ago when those halls resounded with loud laughter, the glowing fire kindled on the hearth, and the stately dame passed proudly on; now all melting away into the mellowed past.

We left the gates as we entered, thanking

Mathias of Lamphey for the treat he had given us. Honoured exception, say I, to the meddling, priggish espionage that we had lately been subjected to.

Who can think with a greasy clown prowling about him? who can dream when the fellow is anxiously hurrying him on, to dismiss him, and catch another prey?

Once more, for we needs must chronicle. On our return we took the road to Manorbeer Castle, one of those majestic feudal ruins that played so conspicuous a part in the history of Wales. Its massive towers were flanked with the gentle curves of two moss-grown hills sloping softly downwards to the sea. We alighted, a sickly old man met us, and unlocked the gates,—

“I’ll take your fee, gentlemen, please.”

“How much?”

“Fourpence a piecee.”

“Very good. The owner?”

“The Reverend Muster Phillips, Sir; and I rents it of Muster John Gwither of Manorbeer Park, up yonder.”

“Thanks. We won’t trouble you further.”

We enjoyed our ramble over the fine old castle, its grey and time-worn bastions, and tottering towers; and, delighted with our day’s adventure, returned home to dinner.

Now, I have not a word to say against these good people—the gate-keepers, custodians, and

lessees of these old relics of the past. But I have a good deal to say to the owners of the property on which these national ruins happen to be.

“Gentlemen,” men of rank and title, men of thousands a-year, should be *above* exacting tribute from those who have done their best to increase the value and prosperity of their estates; have spent their money on the poor, and added to the activity and well-being of all the villages around. They should be *proud* of the privilege of ownership, and of throwing open their grounds to those who do them the *honour* of visiting them. Instead of this, in one place you find the only tunnel-entrance to a sea-bath chained and locked up; in another, caverns on the rocky coast, peeps of choice scenery, private grounds of lordly owners, made the means of levying black-mail, and men of riches and influence, possessing seats in parliament, degrading themselves to such contemptible abuses. But let one word of warning from henceforth suffice. They have picked my pocket, and that of every unfortunate visitor that they could lay hands on—publicly, and without the slightest compunction; and, I, for one, will as publicly gibbet them by name in print, “pour encourager les autres,” without the slightest mercy or hesitation. Some folk, like a certain bird, hide their heads in the sand, exposing an immense amount of vulnerable substance to my trusty staff. Let them look to it, for its touch, on just occasion, is by no means light.

We hear it said—one should not look a gift horse in the mouth : I deny the gift when one has to pay for it ; others grumble that visitors pry and destroy—this, save on the most trifling and paltry scale, I am not prepared to admit ; and, if so, may not the principle of retaliation lie at the bottom of it ? for where a real pleasure is *given*, and a treat conceded, people are in good humour, and on their best behaviour. Instances every year, on the grandest scale, prove the fact in our galleries and huge assemblies, and it should not be lost sight of. There is too much meddling now-a-days ; and the injury and destruction complained of is in most cases the direct result of obstruction and interference.

Let us hope we are on the eve of better days.

With these remarks, I close this long epistle, craving my reader's indulgence, and leaving the rest with my friends—the Public.

Sandysells, South Wales,

Sept. 24, 1871.

VACCINATION.

From Civil-Surgeon T. ATCHISON,

To the Secretary to Government of the Punjaub.

Dated Umritzir, Feb. 4th, 1865.

SIR,—In forwarding you my quarterly vaccine return for October, November, and December last, I cannot omit the opportunity of recording a very remarkable feature in those series of vaccine operations.

Umritzir, both in its city and district, has been attacked with a very virulent and fatal form of small-pox; and, as the military lines and civil station were so close to a very populous and unhealthy city, I was naturally anxious to expedite my vaccine work as speedily as possible. We commenced in October with a fresh supply of English vaccine in tubes and crusts; the weather was still warm, but we began on the 3rd October. It turned out unsuccessful. We recommenced with fresh vaccine on the 23rd. This proved satisfactory on the person of a healthy child three months old, the son of the civil native doctor; from this child—and the fact is an important point

to be observed—the whole subsequent operations arose.

From the seventh day vesicle seven children were now “vaccinated,” five natives, and two Europeans; all took successfully. Feeling that we had now a good spring from which to draw our lymph, I took the healthiest and comeliest natives to my bungalow, and vaccinated six European children of various ages, and many natives. The sub-assistant surgeon vaccinated two European children, some natives, and a child in the jail; all took well, but what was our surprise to hear that on the twentieth day, the child, the last of the five natives, had taken a virulent form of small-pox, and, with *the four vaccine crusts fully formed on his arm*, died. Not only so, but one of the European children, vaccinated by the sub-assistant surgeon from the first child, on the tenth day, broke out with a very peculiar and suspicious eruption not unlike the scrofulous sore of an unhealthy subject. Our mortification was further increased by learning that four days subsequently a second child of the first batch died from undoubted confluent small-pox. Here, indeed, I found myself on the horns of a dilemma, the disease rapidly increasing in the city, the daily death-rate at one time being as high as 92. One officer in the fort of Govindghur attacked with the confluent form, I had apprehensions that, without speedy measures, the disease would

rapidly spread in the fort, and run like wild-fire through the military station and civil lines. What was to be done? On the one hand I ran the danger of spreading small-pox, and *poisoning* the whole station, instead of vaccinating. On the other, if I did not operate the disease would march in of itself, and the result would be frightful. This being the case, and considering I had the safety of the station and civil lines in my own hands, I took the responsibility upon myself, and communicating my anxieties and determination to the deputy-commissioner, proceeded to test the virus.

For this purpose I took a European child with the seventh day vesicle, of what we may now call the third generation, vaccinated myself, and waited the result.

To make matters clear, and place the question *in situ*, the following table will illustrate the position :—

From 1st supply, 30th October, 1864, unsuccessful.

From 2nd supply, 23rd October, 1864, successful.

Native Doctor's child.	{	5 natives, 2 Europeans, all good vesicles.	1st vaccination. 6 Europeans, 10 natives, followed by 1 small-pox and death, and 1 scrofulous eruption.
			2nd vac. 2 Europeans and 20 natives, 1 small-pox and death.
			3rd vac. Successful; no bad effects.
			4th vac. Ditto ditto.
			5th vac. Many natives, 1 takes small-pox and dies.

From the two European children I vaccinated the British soldiers and European residents.

Having operated upon myself, I, the same day, and from the same arm, vaccinated a European child to keep up the supply, and, as may be imagined, waited with no ordinary interest the termination of the trial. It succeeded; my own arm took satisfactorily; the vesicles on the child's were as perfect as a vaccine vesicle could possibly be, and though I still had the fear of after symptoms before my eyes, I considered myself justified in spreading the virus. I began cautiously at first: two weeks had elapsed, and no bad symptoms either on myself or the child. I now redoubled my operations, getting the whole of the men in the fort under its operation, then all the residents of the bazaar, city, and suburbs, and, lastly, the women, children, and servants, of the European barracks and civil station. The plan succeeded admirably, and not a single case of small-pox occurred among the troops at Umritzir! I vaccinated all to the number of 1700, so also in the jail, where every man not showing marks of small-pox (and this will be afterwards noted) was at once vaccinated; and though close under the city, where thousands were attacked, and with a mortality above described, not a single case occurred in the Umritzir jail!

Now the above facts open out a most interesting question, not only as a proof of the grand use of sanitary precautions, but as a pathological problem connected with the vaccine disease. Thus three

out of five first cases taking virulent small-pox, and dying with the vesicles fresh upon them, is sufficiently astounding, and enough to make one pause. The solution is most interesting, but the limits of this paper, already too long, forbid entering into the theory or even warrantable speculation.

From long observation I am satisfied in my own mind that the vaccine is only another modification of the variola. I believe the epidemic of this year (1864) was so virulent as to swamp, if I may use the term, any virtue or protective influence in the vaccine, when the patient was exposed to more than ordinary or condensed contagion. I believe it really lost much of its protective power in the Umritzir city; while in the cantonment, the air being more open and pure, and the poison more diluted, the vaccine fluid was allowed to hold its ground, and the individual was really protected.

Before leaving this subject I cannot omit noticing the extraordinary difference which exists between the Asiatic and the European in relation to the small-pox. Out of 421 British soldiers vaccinated by me at my house only twenty-two had *had* the small-pox, while in the jail, of which I have charge, of 547 prisoners, there were only eleven who had *not* had small-pox; in other words, among the lower class of British subjects, one in six or eight *may* have had the disease. Amongst the natives the chances are that nearly everyone you meet,

man, woman, or child, has *had* the small-pox. This speaks forcibly on the one hand, of dirt, crowding, prejudice, and superstition; on the other, of cleanliness, ventilation, and the blessings of vaccination.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

THOMAS ATCHISON.

2nd Regiment Bengal Cavalry, Garrison
and Civil Surgeon of Umritzir.

PAVEMENT MUD.

ANYTHING more disgraceful and intolerable than the present condition of the London streets can hardly be imagined. Whether it be the Strand, Fleet Street, City, Holborn, or Regent's Street, the same filthy mixture of black slime and cart-grease overlays the pavement for miles and miles. In no city in the world except our own would such a state of things be allowed to continue even for a day. Look at that respectable old gentleman in front of you, with bald head, white cravat, pendent eye-glass and watch-chain dangling at his stomach, one would think, to look at him, he was about falling in a fit ; a second glance, and you are scandalized at the possibility of his being drunk ; a third, that he is crippled, or has broken some bone in his body. Not so. He is simply struggling to keep his perpendicular on a London pavement, with a fear of a thousand orange-peels before his eyes, and with two steps back for one forwards, hopeless of ever reaching his destination.

Now, what is his case, is, and has been the case of thousands all the past week, and likely to be all the present one. It is useless writing to the Press without some practical suggestion to offer,

and as no one yet appears to have come forward, perhaps I may be allowed, in the interest of the public, and especially of pedestrians, to submit the following :

If householders cannot be compelled to cleanse the front of their respective residences, as in the case of snow, the police are authorised to *compel* them; then let the local authorities take the matter in their own hands, and protect our limbs and lives, the expense being defrayed by the householders in question, or the parish where the nuisance exists. What I propose is to have a circular revolving brush affixed to a barrow similar to the design already in use in our roadways, or, more familiar to us, in our lawn-scythe and garden-mower, propelled or drawn by a boy, and somewhat like one of our children's perambulators. It would answer the purpose remarkably well, would not stop the traffic one instant, and would go up and down the pavement once or twice in the hour, according to necessity.

This is the idea, it can easily be improved upon hereafter, only requires a trial to ensure its adoption, and I will guarantee its success. Anyhow, anything is better than the present shameful state of things, alike opprobrious to our city, and dangerous to thousands of the community.

St. James's, S.W.

19th December, 1871.

TYPHOID.

IF people would only believe and feel how many of the ills of life can be frustrated by a little foresight and timely action, how much misery, apprehension, and danger, may be obviated by using the simple faculties of sight, taste, and smell, which God has given them, we should not be startled as we occasionally are; and now, from an illustrious patient, not a little alarmed, by practically realising what a potent evil typhoid fever really is.

It matters little to the general public, however marked the difference to the skilful physician, whether the disease is typhoid or typhus, or, for that matter, in another shape, whether an attack be scarlatina, measles, diphtheria, or so called "common" fever, so long as it be known to all men, that it is a *poison*, a certain, definite, known, and *preventable* influence in the air, the water, or the soil, be it in the palace, the detached mansion, the terrace, the square, the lowly alley, or the lowest hovel; the principle of the miasma, or the malaria, is just the same, obeys the same laws, and eventuates in the same results.

Let us reflect a little. The disease termed "Typhoid" is known to be produced by breathing the foetid air of cesspools, and foul drains, or from drinking water impregnated with sewage. Typhus, on the other hand, is the disease of close and un-

ventilated dwellings, overcrowding, want, poverty, and destitution, highly contagious, and very fatal. So much for a broad distinction between the two diseases. But there is this tie between them, that both are produced from the self-same cause—*Contamination*. Now, may it not happen that the same cause in all—modified only by intensity of virus, season of the year, peculiarity of constitution, or electric or atmospheric change, may account for every phase in this chain of zymotic disease? In one with slight exposure, or a robust constitution, simple Diarrhœa; in another, where not only longer exposure, but the *drinking* of contaminated water has brought on the true Typhoid; in a third, caused directly from decomposed or polluted water, Dysentery; in a fourth, with still greater virulence of miasma, fouler water and least resisting power, Cholera? or, again, with a redistribution of these noxious elements on an enfeebled constitution, Typhus. Thus, I contend, we have a more rational, practical, and intelligible idea of this train of disease than the interminable hair-splitting of dogmatic teaching. Anyhow, we have reduced our causes to a point, and can the more readily proceed to understand and attack the source of the mischief.

It is well that these principles should be universally known, and that there should be no mistake on the subject. Prince or peasant, high and low, male and female, are alike amenable to those laws, if their dictates are neglected.

If the sense of smell cannot detect bad drainage, the eye give ocular demonstration to dirt and filth, and the mouth and palate fail to detect impurities in the water we drink and the air we breathe, then God gave these faculties to us in vain. I and my brethren have no secrets from the public; and it were better for society, for our noble science, and for the profession itself, were these truths more generally known and insisted on.

How is it that in a street, in one house, every soul is attacked, and the one right and left escape totally free? How is it that in a square, one side uses water from a pump, the other from the main? How, when a line of splendid buildings, on the one side backed by a filthy mews, or unventilated courts, and the other by an open space, that sickness asserts its power in the one case, and not in the other? A few years ago the multitude were ignorant of these laws; now they can plead no excuse, and it only remains for a strict application of them whether illness or health shall predominate.

We have heard lately about a royal coroner! If he would stretch his official capacity a little, and exercise his office somewhat *before* than after a mishap, perhaps it would be better for all parties; and I am confident we all would vote his salary, aye, and double it if he would undertake the double duty. His first would prove a *real* boon, his last a real, and perhaps beneficial, sinecure.

St. James's, S.W., November 27th, 1871.

REGINÆCIDES.

THE mawkish sentimentalism that has crept over the nation the last five-and-twenty years has led to some awkward and not very creditable results. We have left off calling people and things by their right and *proper* names.

Our knaves are "clever fellows," our swindling bankrupts "unfortunate," our adulterators of food and wares "legitimate traders," and every murderous and insufferable scoundrel "insane," and, unless we look to it, the unscrupulous ruffian that has dared to raise his hand against our Queen, and rouse the just indignation of the entire nation, will be dubbed an "amiable imbecile," and a "harmless lunatic."

Let us hark back a little to the old days, and trust to common sense. Such acts were *then* called treason, and treated in rather an ugly fashion; and as the example just now may be contagious, and rather unpleasant in its results, it may be as well, once for all, to attach to it a penalty, at once swift, disgraceful, severe, and *inevitable*, so that the Master O'Connors who court notoriety, and who, by the by, appear to have a good deal of method in their madness, may know what to expect.

Let the public lash fall on the naked trunk of such an infamous wretch without mercy or hesitation, and let the streets of this metropolis, which witnessed a loyal triumph unexampled in history, be the scene of his lasting disgrace.

Let there be no mistake about it; no maudlin commiseration for such detestable ruffianism, and then let penal servitude, for no trifling term, allow the rebel time to reflect on a nation's insult, and a Queendom's righteous indignation.

One word more. It is useless talking about the "divinity that doth hedge a king" unless we ourselves lend a hand; let us look to it that there are no gaps in our hedges.

How is it that Her Majesty last Thursday was left so unprotected? what are outriders for? what are sentries for? what are garden attendants for? what are equerries for? *are they all asleep?* is every official so blindfolded, so hand and foot-bound with red tape, etiquette, or what not, as to let a miscreant pass by and *through* them all unchallenged? Is this another of the Shams of the present age we have lifted up our voice against? If our Navies cannot swim, nor our Armies march, nor our Treaties stand, nor our School-boards teach, cannot even the Sovereign's appointed guardians do their duty, and save our Queen from insult? —A shame upon us all!

St. James's, 5th March, 1872.

NOTICES BY THE PRESS.

Colburn's *United Service Magazine*, No. 513, for August, 1871, page 594.

SURGEON-MAJOR T. ATCHISON, a well-known Indian medical officer, has sent us a reprint of some letters that he addressed to the *Times* in March last, recommending rough and ready encampments on any suitable open spaces for the treatment of small-pox, instead of waiting for the construction of the costly hospitals that our Poor-law authorities have set their minds on, and are building at their leisure. To the reprint he has appended some considerations on the agitation for the repeal of the "Contagious Diseases Act," in which the ignorance of some, and the dishonesty of others among the clamourers, meets with sharp rebuke. We commend his concluding observations to notice, as a well-deserved censure of the miserable shilly-shally paltry dealing with the most important questions that is a constant result of the moral cowardice of our so-called statesmen: "If wholesome legislation is to be hooted down by interested traders and designing fanatics, the sooner a more Draconic rule is inaugurated the better. We let an abuse go on until it increases in magnitude, and becomes a vested interest, and when we are called on to curtail or abolish it, we are assailed with cries of 'spoliation,' 'tyranny,' and 'confiscation,' and threatened with all the horrors of mob law." Of course we are; such is the natural result of the "advanced Liberal" opinion, that mere numbers should carry everything before them; counting heads is much easier than weighing reasons.

New York Medical Record, No. 127, June 1, 1871, page 159.

THE author of these letters, having had much experience with contagious diseases in India, is a strenuous advocate of the plan of establishing encampments of tents or huts for the complete isolation of patients suffering from small-pox. He claims that,

by this means, the spread of the disease might be entirely checked. His recommendations are evidently those of a thoroughly practical physician, and we understand they have been favourably received, and partially carried out by the authorities of many towns in England.

Colburn's *United Service Magazine*, No. 514, September, 1871,
page 123.

WE are glad to see that Surgeon-Major Atchison's letters to the *Times* (noticed in our last number) have reached a third edition—a proof of their real value and importance, and a hopeful sign, almost inclining us to believe that the days are going by, when Wisdom cried in our streets in vain. To this edition the writer has added two brief letters on the Cholera that is so surely approaching us, in which he speaks out like a man who feels that this is no time to dally with a deadly enemy: "We have had proof enough lately what havoc vacillation, stupidity, and timid action have wrought in another disease"—small-pox, for stamping out which he recommends encampments, tents, huts, old hulks, anything rather than the costly brick structures that disfigure and endanger Highgate, Homerton, etc. "Let not the same culpability manifest itself here. In Cholera, one word, and one only, should be our watchword—*Cleanliness*. With such an armour we may safely wait its attacks, and predict success. Sanitary laws mean little more than this—let our air be clean, our water clean, our bodies, soil and dwellings clean. Reverse this, and we know what follows." No wonder that so outspoken a champion of clean homes and clean bodies should also have a word to say on the "rottenness" that is so apparent in the body politic. A seathing letter, headed "Shams," hits right and left at our troops that can't march, and our ships that can't float, our imbecile officials, our political jugglers, and our swindling, adulterating traders. As to these last, he says, "I would, in spite of all John Brights created, flog each caittiff at the cart's tail." "Amen," say we. He looks on such a state of society as more terrible than small-pox and cholera and contagious diseases combined, but he seorns to despair, and concludes, "Men of Britain, let a sharer in the service of your country tell you what, by honest hearts and trusty arms, may yet be done." We hope he will tell us, for outspoken earnestness like this must make an impression, even on the worshippers of the sham statesmen into whose hands we have for our sins been delivered.

TIMELY COUNSEL,

OR

SHORT ESSAYS ON SOCIAL SUBJECTS.

BY

SURGEON-MAJOR T. ATCHISON,

M.R.C.S.E., L.S.A., ETC.,

HER MAJESTY'S BENGAL ARMY, LATE 2ND REGIMENT BENGAL CAVALRY; AND
CIVIL SURGEON OF RAWUL-PINDEE; GORRUCKPORE, AND UMBITZIR,
ETC., ETC., ETC.

Third Series.

LONDON:

T. RICHARDS, 37, GREAT QUEEN STREET, W.C.

—
1874.



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CLERICAL EDUCATION.

*To the Editor of the Church Association
Intelligencer.*

SIR,—The paramount importance of the Protestant education of our youth in the schools and colleges of our country renders any deviation from the strict line of Bible truth a matter of the deepest moment.

It is a subject, therefore, of vital concern to us all when we see in the universities of the present day youth handed over to such teachers as draw their inspiration from the mind of Dr. Pusey and his school, and inculcate views, doctrines, and usages inconsistent with the national thought of England, and inimical to its principles as a nation.

Let us take the simple ideas of ourselves, our dependents, our poor, our soldiers, and sailors—ideas which we have all held as a nation for centuries. For the most part, they have taken for their guidance the simple Word of God, and its tenets as illustrated in our social life, seldom troubling themselves with the sophistries of the “learned.” They have drawn their own conclu-

sions and their own comfort, their own hope, and their own reliance for themselves from its rich and exhaustless stores. What do we find now? We find subtle disquisition, bewildering postulates, crafty hair-splitting of the most universal and consoling truth. In a recent trial and judgment, the details of which I have waded through, what does the nation, as a whole, know about the abstract definitions there contested? What do our men know, what our servants, what our poor, and the tremendous circle of the outer world? Does any one of ourselves, or even the learned court itself, really understand it?

Be it known, Sir, this nation was not made for the parsons, but the clergy for the nation; and the sooner they thoroughly begin to understand their position, the better for themselves.

Don't let us lose the broad facts of the case. We are, and please God we mean to be, a Protestant nation. Good; then why should every recent act of our Clergy (for unless we weed out the traitors, and repudiate them, we are *participes criminis*) go to proclaim and encourage Romanism? Don't let us be put off with a side issue; let us face the matter; one or other.

Let the clergy soon decide the question, or the great Protestant Laity of England will not only speak, but act, and that with no uncertain arm. The true Christian need have no fear of infidelity—once let the mind of youth be saturated with

the principles of the Bible, and the real practical working of the nation's life, and you may safely leave him in after years to himself.

That Book is quite sufficient to engage the religious thought of one half a life time, and its practical application the other.

This is the age of Progress, Steam, Electricity, Gas, "the Press"—not of darkness, doubt, dogma, and mystification. We want no Sarum Missals, no Athanasian Creeds, and no ecclesiastical millinery or mummary. This is an age of sons—not of "Fathers"—of moving life, not of mouldy parchments:—"Onwards," our motto, not hindwards! Is it right therefore that those who would carry us back centuries to the rear, should have the guidance of our onward youth?

Is it right that Dr. Pusey and his school should still remain at the head of one of the most important training colleges in this country, and imbue the minds of our future generation with the sophistries, the dogmas, the impurities of the Papists and their school? Good—amiable—benevolent as the learned Professor and his satellites may be, that is not the question: we Protestant Englishmen want a decided answer to our demands, and answered they must be—ere too late. Just look what we are doing as a nation: or consenting to be done in the matter of the religious teaching of our colleges. It is like taking a child to the edge of a precipice blindfold, and saying to

him softly : “ Now, take care, youth, take care,” and then leaving the poor dazed boy ! His step totters ; his hands are thrown up ; and he drops headlong over into the yawning gulf beneath. It is thus the treacherous teachers—and how many examples are now before us all—(for I am drawing from the life) ; it is thus that some of the so-called “ Divines ” of our ecclesiastical seminaries lead their precious victims to perdition !

How long is this to last ?

Your obedient servant,

T. A.

London, S.W., July 28th, 1872.

TRESPASSERS.

ABLER pens than mine have written upon this subject, which at the present season of our outdoor life becomes a question of great importance, and, socially regarded, is fraught with matter for the deepest reflection to the political thinker and to the philanthropist.

No one is less disposed to question the abstract right of owners of property to cover their fields and meadows with the offensive placards to which I desire to draw attention; but the question is—is it expedient? is it politic—and, above all things, has it any use; and lastly, is it not dangerous in the present temper of the public?

Does the traveller or tourist, the artist, the fisherman, commit such dreadful damage? Is the presence of a fellow creature so *very* intolerable on the banks of a river, or the fringes of a wood, that he is to be warned off as a pestilence, or treated as a thief? In these days we open our parks to the people; we let our children wander through squares, and the bits of forest that yet remain on the outskirts of London; is it in the country and near our lakes and trout-streams that he is to be

condemned to keep to the dusty road, and looked on as a felon ?

Last year we called the attention of the public to a similar reprehensible practice in North Devon, and the success gained on that occasion—no less than the granting of a public park at Ilfracombe, and a proposal for a similar one at Tenby, South Wales—leads me to hope that a similar reception may be accorded to this.

The place from which I now write is famous for its beautiful scenery, its picturesque walks and drives—its bracing mountain air, its world-known baths, and its healing waters. The magnates of the place are courteous and liberal to a degree ; Chatsworth and Haddon Hall—the seats of his Grace of Devonshire and the noble Duke of Rutland, are thrown open with the same liberality as the owner of Belvoir Castle allows the public the privilege of a pass through his wide domains ; but it is to the midges of society that we are indebted for the teasing and offensive eyesores that I have now to describe ; and if any word of mine can cause the removing of even one of these trespass-notices, my pen will be amply repaid.

This morning, in my early walk with my sketch book, I took a turn by the London road and entered a pathway cutting through an open field and leading up to the north-west of Buxton, near a height called Solomon's Temple ; on the left was a post stuck in the field, and to be quite accurate I

took down the "notice" in writing at the side of my water-colour drawing. "No Road, Trespassers will be prosecuted"—of course I passed on with a quiet smile, keeping the pathway. This led on to a gateway and another field rising up to the ascent. Here on a notice-board nailed to a tree on the left hand was the following warning.

"Alarm guns and steel-traps are set in all the woods: keep the path"—on the right another, "No Road, Trespassers will be prosecuted."—Not bad this—no less than two threats of prison, and one of sudden death in the short distance of one hundred yards!

Now I am a plain man, and am accustomed to mean what I say, and expect others to observe the same rule: but one of two things is obvious: either the threat is a *lie*, (and it is well to be explicit with such gentry)—or in case of an "accident," I do not envy the feelings of the defendant in the dock, on a charge of murder or maiming before a British jury in the present temper of Englishmen.

Do let me ask these gentlemen, if they are such, to take these notices down. They can do no earthly good, and like Paddy's coat-tail, only make foes of friends, set class against class, and become one of those straws that light up the flame of labour against capital.

Do not think that I wish to depreciate the rights of property; I wish to defend property;

but this can only be done in the time to come, by having some little consideration for the feelings and necessities of others, and treating one's neighbour a little like oneself.

Believe me, the time is not far distant, when those who indulge in the contemptible menaces that I have denounced—and haply the political and social horizon be more clouded than at present, that those who will trample upon those warning posts, will pass, unbidden, through their homes.

Buxton, Derbyshire, August 24th, 1872.

ALABAMA.



WELL, now you have got it, what do you think of it? are you satisfied, are the Americans content—Europe is it not amazed? poor complacent England, hoodwinked John Bull, always in scrapes and with an awkward way of getting out of them: you have given the dog a bone—be sure the next time he will take the flesh from you! you have bartered your birthright for a mess of pottage—and what pottage? Honour, right, pluck, principle—all gone, what has poor England in her next trouble to depend upon. Shades of Palmerston, Nelson, Marlboro’—forsake not utterly—in your supreme contempt, the degradation of poor de-mmented England.

Cannot the rulers of this nation in this unhappy time foresee, even for *one* lucid interval, to what all this is tending? arbitration is meant for the timid not for the bold. “God and one’s right,” that old familiar tryst, is it quite obliterated from the lip and the heart of the trembling Briton? has *gold* so soon melted down muscle, and the shop the buckler? Has the little cloud we pointed at beyond

the sea so soon overshadowed this hapless land? is *San Juan* to fall with the luckless *Alabama*? is Canada to lie helpless at the foot of the grasping States, and old England to look on with complacent impotence? Shades of all the great, the heroic, and the good, turn not utterly away!—and yet where are we to look? nothing but a great upheaval of the national conscience will right the ship of state, repudiate the dastard crew, and replace the helm with men, not mutes. In our dire strait we look around and see few or none fit to grasp the reins, and it is only in God's good providence (even with the shock of some dire calamity) that good out of evil may arise, and some strong heart and arm be found, to lift us from the slough in which our craven leaders have dragged us down.

Does the infatuated Liberal party fancy that money payments are to go on for ever? that concessions all round are to mark the future policy of this empire? Do they not know that greed of gold hungers the more 'tis fed, and that beggars swarm where there is most dole. That insult, unredressed, begets contempt, nay is a *premium* to offence. Is the cheek always to be turned to the smiter, and one by one, our rights, our dependencies and our influence filched from us? Be sure that he who turns from the fight will yet live to succumb; is human nature no element in the problem to be solved—and that cupidity, and lust of

greed, prestige, territory, have no place in the hearts or the history of nations. Poor, simple Bull, rise up from thy pleasant pastures—awake and shake thee too, and that right speedily, or it were better for thee thou hadst never been born.

And for our sapient rulers, what fitting guerdon may be found ; is another step in the peerage, and a higher place in the roll of honourable names, ready to stamp it with deeper degradation, is defeat on all sides to be decorated with a gold stick—a blue ribbon and perhaps a garter ? Gods avert it—nothing but the voice of the nation, as one man, will suffice to check the progress of descent and stern disaster, and right old England in the sight of the astounded world.

Aberystwith, 18th September, 1872.

CRAWLING CABS.

WHAT is to be done with our Crawling Cabs? Can nothing be devised to abate this intolerable and most dangerous nuisance?

To those living near our large thoroughfares, the question is of very pressing necessity; for the danger to limb and life is now assuming larger proportions every day this unjustifiable abuse is tolerated.

In the west-end streets, especially about Piccadilly and Regent Street, the Strand and Oxford Street, more particularly at the two Circuses, and at its crossings, the mischief is becoming really serious; and our daily average of one fatal casualty rapidly increasing.

As I attempt to cross either one of these wide and densely trafficked thoroughfares, my chances of safe or expeditious transit are slight indeed; as my foot touches the roadway, past crawls a "four wheeler" which forbids my advance; and when it has leisurely gone by, my chance is lost, for right in front of me dashes a "hansom," and bespatters me with mud. Then rolls by the "bus," now a heavy dray at full trot, and thereafter again the imperturbable "growler," with smirking cabby grinning at my embarrassment. This, repeated a

hundred-fold, and you have a truthful spectacle of the present condition of the London streets. It is the *unequal* traffic, and total disregard of the interests of the pedestrian, that so endanger life, and call so loudly for redress.

Now, if I, a strong able-bodied man, find difficulty and danger in this my daily transit, what must the timid or rheumatic invalid—the delicate or nervous of the weaker sex find it? and if in the day time, the nuisance is severely felt, what must it be after nightfall, these long winter evenings, and with “cabby” lampless and defiant? Granted, as some affirm, that cabs thus plying for hire are a convenience to some, surely the danger and fatality to the many should outweigh the benefit.

I assure you, to those living as I do, in one of the central spots of the west-end, and obliged, in the way of business, to cross and re-cross these frequented highways often in the course of the twenty-four hours, the matter is of serious and pressing concern, and well-worthy the attentive consideration of our magistrates and police authorities (if, indeed, these latter are not *quite* disorganised), for if this new abuse, which has gradually “crept in,” thanks to Mr. Bruce, be a source of danger to myself, how much more so to thousands of others less able to protect themselves than

Your obedient servant,

T. A.

St. James's, S.W., 15th November, 1872.

OUR VOTER.

I AM a military officer over forty, have seen some hard service for the old country, and come home from India possibly for good. I am an old member of one of the best clubs in London, and an honorary member of some half dozen of the service clubs in the chief towns in the kingdom.

For economy's sake I live in chambers, for I can't give up my camp life, and capital officers' quarters they are for seven or eight months in the year; and for health's sake, and loving to look about me, and seeing how the old country is going on, I rove all over England, fishing, shooting, and yachting the other three or four months, returning like clock-work to my old lodgings in the best part of London for the winter season.

Now, I ask what have I done to be denied a vote? I have risked health, life, exile for the good of the country; I find my butcher, grocer, tinker, tailor, my tackle maker, and my gunsmith with a vote, and I, none. I am a member of I don't know how many learned societies, and can put I scarcely know how many queer capitals after

my name. I have even been honoured with no mean space in the columns of the "Times"; *why* should I be denied the pleasure of giving my friend (or my enemy!) a vote for a place in the councils of the nation? There are some brisk times coming on—and some sharp fighting, and I, in common with hundreds of others similarly situated—want to be in the thick of it. May'nt we have a vote?

Your obedient,

T. A.

Cheltenham, 3rd October, 1872.

THE ALEXANDRA PALACE.

SIR,—On Tuesday last, I sat down to write you a note to ask your invaluable help for the poor women—the stall-holders of the Alexandra Palace—ruined by the disastrous fire of Monday last.

But before doing so I thought I had better run down and see for myself and make inquiries; I went down yesterday, and found the ruin complete. Now taking great interest in our public parks and gardens around London, and being a member of the Mansion House Committee for the Alexandra Park, with the hope of its eventually being secured to the public, I have visited it lately on every occasion likely to test its capabilities.

On its half-crown, shilling, and six-penny admission days, I have seen its admirable adaptability to suit the wishes and the pockets of every class of visitor, and on Whit-monday, I saw a crowd such as I often hope to witness again, some 58,000 people, all of the great middle and lower class, men, women and children, babies in arms, and infants, enjoying the fresh air, and disporting themselves on its pleasant slopes and ample lawns:—

and *not a single* drunken person or a foul expression to be met with in that immense multitude.

Now, Sir, with such a powerful counteragent to the gin-shop and the police-court ; ought we not to strain every nerve to aid its reconstruction, and help the promoters after their late cruel calamity.

But it is for the poor stall-holders who have contributed to our convenience that I would plead to-day. They have lost everything, and have no insurance ; I see Mr. Arthur Steains has written to you on the subject. May I be allowed to second his proposition and send you a check for £5.

Your obedient servant,

T. A.

POSTAGE-STAMP RENOVATORS.

IN the impression of the "Times" of to-day, I see the practice of another ingenious criminal brought to light.

As one half the world appears just now to "stand on guard" against the other half, and two-thirds of our legislation wasted in correcting the errors of the other third, may I be allowed to suggest, in the matter in question, a very simple expedient.

Instead of an inken die, used to efface one postage stamp, why not use a punch-perforator (the design in fine holes drilled in the form of a crown or other device). This could be struck on the letter by the same mechanical action in the same period of time; and penetration into the enclosure would cause no inconvenience.

The label would then be useless—could never be re-used; the stamp if lost or rubbed off after posting, would still bear its insignia on the envelope, and another of the ingenious feats of our predatory classes be checkmated.

St. James's, S.W., March 29th, 1873.

TIGERS.

To the Editor of the Times.

SIR,—I have read with great interest the practical letters of your correspondents on the destruction of tigers in India.

There is one method of destruction practised by the natives yet to be mentioned, and which should not be overlooked, as it does not endanger human life among a disarmed population—I allude to the poisoned arrow, and it is very effective.

A crossbow is set, and fixed in the ground at the proper level, and in the track which the tiger is known to pass; a long string or wire is then led across from the trigger to the opposite stake—a tent peg driven into the ground—and the sharp bolt or arrow-point is dipped in a strong extract of the “woorara” root or other poison.

As the tiger passes in the dusk of the evening and touches the line, he is struck, and is generally found a few days afterwards dead by the side of a watereourse or in the jungle, his position being tracked by the vultures hovering about him.

In the district where I was quartered, some

twenty or more skins were brought to me thus taken, but they were nearly all worthless, from decomposition having set in, and the hair falling off before the carcase was discovered.

With regard to the native shikârees, nothing can exceed the pluck of the natives in tackling these animals when a village has been invaded—some with spears, swords, and even clubs, all on foot, and those with guns carrying the most worthless old matchlocks possible.

With reference to the wholesale destruction of these animals—though I certainly think measures should be taken to keep them under, as they have undoubtedly increased since the mutiny and subsequent disarmament—I, for one, should be sorry to hear of my old hunting grounds being decimated; but again, there is the fact that in our last expedition, fifteen large tigers, all from ten to twelve feet long from snout to tail, being shot in eleven days by three guns, must demonstrate their ravages to cattle and human life. Still, I repeat, I should regret that one of the best fields for the exhibition of pluck, skill, and endurance should be lost to our Indian officers.

Should the Indian Government really wish to extirpate these wild animals, I quite agree with one of your correspondents, that a sharp native doctor sent on duty near these villages would render a “good account” of most of these animals in a very short time, especially if the rewards

were liberal; but not by the method of poisoned joints, etc. These brutes prefer their "own kill," and like our domestic cat are very suspicious of food that has been tampered with. You might just as well expect the wild goat to browse on deadly leaves or poisoned berries. These animals must be attacked on their own weak points, and with a close attention to their natural habits.

But, I repeat, and I know I speak the sentiments of every true sportsman, and nearly every officer in the service, civil and military, that their wholesale destruction would be impolitic, and most unpopular.

Your obedient servant,

T. A.

East India Club, July 8th, 1873.

HAMPTON COURT.

IN commemorating one of the most gratifying contests of right against might, we reprint with the utmost satisfaction the following short summary which led to the defeat of the celebrated Chelsea Water-Works Bill, in 1873, and preserved to us the beauty of our noble river, and the banks of historic Hampton Court for the toiling thousands of the metropolis.

The Bill was brought on in the House of Lords on the 27th of February, 1873, and defeated by a majority of forty-one.

“ By this Bill it is proposed to empower the Company to construct certain works, and amongst them an Impounding Reservoir on the banks of the River Thames at Thames Ditton; the said reservoir to cover an area of forty acres, to be eighteen feet deep, and to be enclosed by a wall twenty-two feet, which may be raised to twenty-seven feet in height above the summer level of the river, such wall to run along the bank of the Thames for about a mile opposite the park and gardens of Hampton Court.

“ 1. The proposed scheme will, if carried out, entirely destroy the natural beauties of one of the

choicest spots of the river Thames, being the part immediately opposite the park and gardens of Hampton Court Palace (which may be appropriately termed the English Versailles); a spot most largely frequented, on account of its attractive scenery, by all classes of English and foreign visitors.

“2. The construction of a reservoir at this particular spot is not an essential part of the Company’s scheme, as it is admitted a reservoir might be constructed in many other situations; the spot in question also is two miles from the Company’s in-take, and in the route traversed by their conduit there are several others available to the Company for their purpose.

“3. The construction of this reservoir would most seriously depreciate land and house property here, as it is well-known that this particular neighbourhood is sought for on account of the attractions of the river; and the present scheme would go far to destroy such attractions. A little above Kingston there is already a very unsightly river wall, some fifteen feet high, constructed by this Company and the Lambeth Company some years ago, and the present proposal would have the effect of extending this disfigurement for nearly another mile.

“4. The effect of this will be to wall in the river nearly from Kingston to Hampton Court.

“5. The owners and occupiers of property in

Kingston-on-Thames are already very heavily rated, by reason of their being called upon to divert their sewage from the river for the sake of the Water Companies, and it is therefore inequitable and unreasonable that their property should be still farther depreciated by the scheme of the Company, which might be otherwise framed so as to do no injury to the river or the neighbourhood.

“6. It is apprehended also that serious risk will be incurred from the possible bursting of the banks of the reservoir, as has occurred in the case of the Holmfirth and Sheffield calamities.

“7. It is a well-known fact that thousands of persons more or less unskilled in the management of boats living within the metropolis seek the spot in question for purposes of recreation on the water, and in the event of accident happening, it will be readily conceived how a river wall twenty-seven feet high, will considerably enhance the danger to such persons.

“8. The limit of deviation marked on the plans would so narrow the river, and increase the current, as to render it at all times very dangerous, and in some seasons almost check the navigation altogether.

“9. For all and every of these reasons, considerable apprehension and objection is felt to the scheme, and the most strenuous opposition to the measure is sought by all persons interested in the preservation of the beauty of our noble river.

Kingston-on-Thames, February 1873.

Resolutions proposed at a public meeting, held in the Beaumont Hall, on Wednesday, February 19th, 1873, the Right Honorable the Lord Mayor, (Sir Sydney Waterlow) in the Chair.

First Resolution.

Moved by Sir John Bennett,
Seconded by Surgeon-Major T. Atchison,
Supported by T. H. Bryant, Esq.

“That this meeting *protests* in the strongest possible language against the ‘Chelsea Water Bill’ now before the Lords (having for its object the acquiring property on the banks of the river Thames, *between Thames Ditton and Hampton Court*, and thereon erecting *impounding reservoirs 27 feet in height and nearly a mile long*) becoming *law.*”

Second Resolution.

Moved by E. H. Currie, Esq., M.L.S.B.,
Seconded by Alderman Gould, Esq., J.P.,
Supported by Hon. and Rev. F. Sugden, M.A.,
and Rev. R. Parnell, M.A.

“That seeing the site selected by the Chelsea Water Company is *unessential* to the scheme for the further supply of water to the metropolis, and that it will deprive the toiling thousands of *the most picturesque holiday resort*, and that it has been admitted that other sites are *to be easily obtained*, only at a greater expense. This meeting therefore indignantly *protests against the en-*

joyment of the people being sacrificed to ‘Mammon.’”

Third Resolution.

Moved by W. G. Smith, Esq. (Hon. Sec.
“Epping Forest” Fund),

Seconded by F. G. Heath, Esq. (Hon. Sec.
Park Preservation Society),

Supported by F. Young, Esq., J.P., and W.
Adams, Esq.

“That this meeting resolves to send a petition, signed by the chairman on behalf of the meeting, to both Houses of Parliament, praying that the Bill, on the motion for the second reading, be read that day six months. That the members for the Tower Hamlets be requested to take charge of the petition, and *oppose* the Bill at every stage.”

The meeting was crowded and most enthusiastic, and terminated with a vote of thanks to the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor.

GENERAL SIR CHARLES REID, K.C.B.

THE following short sketch of the career of this very distinguished officer, my friend Sir Charles Reid, is introduced into these pages, to show the mettle of which our Indian officers are made; the splendid services they are called upon to perform for their country; and the kind of men England has to rely on in her time of need.

Times, July 18th, 1873.

NAVAL AND MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.

We understand that Major-General Sir Charles Reid, K.C.B., has been recommended by Lord Napier of Magdala, for appointment to one of the vacancies on the Establishment of Divisional Commanders in India. Major-General Sir Charles Reid, K.C.B., served in Upper Scinde, under Sir Charles Napier, in 1843; also with the Sirmoor battalion (Goorkhas) when it saved the cantonments and city of Loodiana in January, 1846; and at the subsequent defence of the same; he was also present at the "affair" of Buddiwal and the battles of Aliwal and Sobraon, and brought the

corps out of the latter action—horse twice wounded—and was specially mentioned in the despatch of Sir Walter Gilbert and Commander-in-Chief; medal and clasp. He served in Burmah during the war of 1852-53, with the Martaban Column—medal and clasp; and was subsequently appointed Executive Engineer of the Henzadah Division. He commanded the Sirmoor Battalion (Goorkhas) throughout the Indian Mutiny in 1857. He was *the first in the field* with his Goorkha regiment, opened communication between Meerut and Calcutta, and restored order at Boolundshur, for which he received the thanks of the Governor General in council. He joined Brigadier Wilson's force on the Hindun on the 1st of June, and commanded the rear-guard when the force left to join the troops before Delhi. He was present at the battle of Badul-Kaserai, and throughout the siege of Delhi, and commanded all the advanced posts on the right of the Delhi Bridge, including the key of the position, or Hindoo Rao's house, from the 8th of June to the 14th of September, 1857, during which period *twenty-six separate attacks* on those positions were repulsed. He also commanded a column on the 17th of June, for the attack on Kis-sengunge, and commanded the fourth column of assault on Delhi, on the 14th of September, when he was "severely wounded" in the head. For these services he received the medal, clasp, Brevet of Lieut.-Colonel, and C.B. He had served also

in the Oude Campaign of 1858-59, when he was promoted to the rank of Colonel and A.D.C. to the Queen. He was appointed to the command of the Eastern Frontier District (Bengal) in March, 1866, which he held till his promotion to the rank of Major-General. He was nominated K.C.B. in 1871, for his distinguished military services.

Cliftonville, Kent, July 16th, 1873.

CHURCH OBSTRUCTION.

I CRAVE permission to call attention to a case of serious irregularity perpetrated at the parish church of St. James's, Piccadilly, and which, in the present controversy on church matters, should not be allowed to go on unchallenged.

This morning, being anxious to hear the Archbishop of Canterbury preach on behalf of the Bishop of London's Fund, I went to the morning service at my parish church, St. James's, to secure a seat; and contrived to go seven minutes before the appointed time.

On entering, I was surprised to find the body of the church nearly empty; but, at the entrance, a mass of worshippers, among whom were a number of delicate ladies standing, and *kept back* by a gold-banded official from proceeding further into the sacred edifice. Thinking this very unusual, I went round to the left, or north side, where a similar spectacle presented itself. Making my way gently through the crowd, I approached the pew-opener and asked to be shown a seat, stating that I was a parishioner long resident in St. James's.

“ Very sorry, sir, I can’t accommodate you.”

“ But the place is empty,” said I ; “ and I came early for the purpose.”

“ Can’t help that, sir.”

I turned and left, ascending to the gallery, which, *except at the entrance*, was equally deserted, and applied for a seat, with exactly the same result—the pew-opener appearing to keep guard, lest any person should dare to *enter* a pew in the *House of God* !

Descending the stairs, I made another effort at the south aisle side ; here I was peremptorily refused ; and by this time the mass of people had increased greatly, and of all sexes and ages, choking up the entrance and portico, and but few accommodated with a sitting *in the as yet vacant church*.

Now can one wonder that the poor hate the sight of a church, and keep away from it, when they are subjected to such treatment as I have faithfully described ? Is this the state of things that the Bishop of London’s fund is preached for and begged for ; that rectors open their pulpits and hold out their hats for, when they connive at, nay, organise such a conspiracy to *repel* a congregation instead of inviting it ? I say such a state of things is a disgrace to this metropolis.

In a private or a proprietary chapel, however justified the incumbent *might* be, I doubt he would even sanction such an unjustifiable proceed-

ing; but in one's own parish church, with establishments and endowments at its command, these acts are simply monstrous, and ought forthwith to be rectified.

These are not days for seeking to repel and disgust people with the House of God and the Church of England, but rather the reverse; and if the authorities are powerless to condemn or correct the practices I have denounced, then it is time for the aggrieved to turn to more stringent and effectual reform.

St. James's, S.W., 18th May, 1873.

DRURY LANE PLAYGROUND.

To the Editor of the Times.

SIR,—The admirable suggestion of your correspondent F. P. in the “Times” of to-day will have the warmest support and assistance from those who know the real wants of the pale-faced denizens of that over-crowded locality.

For many years I have advocated the necessity of utilising our open spaces in and about London, in the interests of the poor, and would gladly aid any *practical scheme* for carrying it into effect.

May I be allowed to forward you a check for £10 as my contribution towards this good work.

Your obedient servant,

T. A.

St. James's, S.W., 17th January, 1874.

NOTICES BY THE PRESS.

Medical Times and Gazette, June 22, 1872, No. 1,147, p. 719.

A set of dashing, trenchant essays, by the writer whose most useful suggestion of "encampments" for the isolation of small-pox and cholera patients will not have been forgotten by our readers. In this series he pleads for freedom to visit wild scenery, condemns that demoralising penny-seeking habit which marks the idle classes of sea-side denizens, and pleads for opening the London squares, and for preserving historic remains. He combats Mr. Oldham's theory of the non-existence of malaria, and gives some weighty remarks on the alliance of variola and vaccinia. * * *

The Rock, April 25, 1873, No. 406, p. 225.

CIRCULATION OF CHEAP TRACTS.

SIR,—In your leading article in this day's *Rock*, you recommend the Church Association to set about the circulation of cheap tracts bearing on Protestant subjects—a good idea, and one which I earnestly hope may be taken up. As a sample of the sort of thing we want, allow me to call your attention to a paper on "Our Errant Clergy," which forms one of a series of short readable "Essays on Social Subjects," by Surgeon-Major Atchison. It would make an excellent tract.

Kilburn, April 19.

QUISQUALIS.

[We have the volume of Surgeon-Major Atchison's "Essays" before us now. They are all good, especially on "Our Errant Clergy," and which—like our Kilburn correspondent—we should be very glad indeed to see extensively circulated.—Ed.]

The Art Journal, November 1872, No. 131, p. 292.

This pamphlet is a reprint of letters addressed to the *Times* and other publications, on various subjects of public interest. We notice it chiefly because some of the essays protest strongly against the attempts that are being made to exclude

the people from localities—parks, forests, and open spaces—in which they may find health, recreation, and often instruction. The author declaims against the selfishness and the mercenary feeling that excludes visitors from some of the most lovely and picturesque spots in England, such as Ilfracombe and Lynton—"well-beloved haunts of the painter and the poet"—except by payment of paltry sixpences. In another paper he advocates the preservation of our ancient castles and other historic remains, and the opening them to the public.

Agreeing in principle with much that Surgeon-Major Atchison says on these topics, he must not forget that "the people"—and by the term we do not mean only the lower and uneducated class—are not always so appreciative of the privileges he would give them, as to be allowed free access to what is beautiful either in Nature or in Art. A tax on "sight-seeing" is often absolutely necessary to prevent spoliation; and even this is not always efficacious to restrain the hand of the wanton mischief-doer. One duty of the owner of property is to preserve it; and this can rarely be done without exclusion—to some extent, at least. Let the people learn to respect what is not their own, and let them be educated to a due sense of the beautiful, and then they may be fairly entitled to wander at will, under proper regulations, in the "haunts of the poet and the painter"; but till they are thus qualified, we should regret to see such localities trodden indiscriminately by unhalloved feet, and disfigured by rude hands.

Judy, July 27th, 1872, No. 274, p. 134.

A collection of Short Essays on Social Subjects, by Surgeon-Major T. Atchison (Richards, Great Queen Street), called "Timely Counsel", contains some pleasant reading, and several of the topics treated of are handled well.

Nottingham Express, July 16th, 1872, No. 3,890.

The author has, from time to time, written to the *Times* and other papers, and, his letters having met with attention, he has republished the present collection. The subjects vary from vaccination to *reginacides*, and from cholera to our errant clergy. Respecting small-pox, he admits the need of vaccination and revaccination, and says, "a clear-sighted Government would have enforced it long ago"; and he contends for field hospitals, which our guardians might have built, certainly for less cost, and, according to the author, certainly with not less effect than our present small-pox hospital. Having had Indian experience, he insists on getting the patients at once

into the country, in tents, huts, or sheds, or on board ships, "but on no account brick or walled inclosures, or pest-houses, such as we now see accumulating on every side of us, intensifying the poison." Respecting the Contagious Diseases Acts, he says, "a distinct refutation has been given to the allegations preferred by the opponents of these Acts", some of whom he charges with "organised imposture."

Anent public rights, our author, although a thorough-going Tory, is as outspoken as any Radical. Speaking of the lovely nooks of North Devon, he says: "Here, where I wandered years ago without let or hindrance, fished, sketched, roved about caves, corners, coves, and covers, are now spiked fences, man-traps, spring guns, and every other deterrent abomination." "What I wish to urge is a healthier tone among the owners of property which happens to be a favourite resort. Property has its duties as well as its rights. This accursed money question is cropping up in all our pet landscapes and loved saunterings, not only here, but in every other sight-seeing locality or object of interest, and becoming a nuisance perfectly unbearable and detestable, and which will before long recoil on owners of land." "Will they reflect that the beauties of God's nature are not all their own; that accident has given them what they possess, and that to deny their fellow-creatures a peep into His loveliness is at once selfish, unbecoming, and to be resented." Again, "What are the Local Boards about to allow private individuals, companies, or I care not what, to buy out a lovely landscape, or filch and fence out a right of way, and, in gratifying one selfish whim, to destroy the delight of thousands?" "Let them keep in the background their ugly villas and their trumpery 'improvements', and leave God's beauties alone. At the rate this mischief is going on, in a year or two we shan't have a single spot unenclosed, a single corner undefiled." Speaking of the rights of property when those rights interfere with the well-being of the people, "You may hold your breath, sir; but the wave is coming on—on—none the less for that; and it depends entirely on how this difficult, but inevitable, question is managed, whether that wave glide smoothly on, changing here and there, or whether it dash itself with fury on everything." Bearing in mind that these are the words of a man who hates Gladstone and despises Bright, we commend them to our readers, and especially to all and sundry the landlooters of the country who steal our commons, playgrounds, roadside pieces, and footpaths.

Students' Journal, March 29, 1873, No. 7, p. 106.

SOCIAL SCIENCE.

To the physician and surgeon, a knowledge of sound prin-

ciples on social subjects is second only in importance to a knowledge of the art of healing itself. Unfortunately, practitioners, as well as students, too often think that the consideration of social subjects does not concern them. Hence it is that the noisy demagogues and obstructives have things pretty much their own way, and threaten by continual agitation to undo the good that zealous and *practical* philanthropists have been able to accomplish through the agency of the Compulsory Vaccination and Contagious Diseases Acts. We want men who will present a bold front to the anti-vaccinationist, and wage war against the opponents of the Contagious Diseases Acts. Foremost among those who have done good service in these matters stands Surgeon-Major Atchison, whose letters to the *Times*, on these and kindred subjects, must be familiar to many of our readers. We are glad to find that his letters have been published in a more permanent form, and that they have been received with a large amount of favour, as evidenced by their reaching a fourth edition. On the momentous questions of vaccination, contagious diseases, and sanitary measures, generally, we believe his views to be thoroughly sound, and we therefore commend his pamphlets to the notice of our readers. In one of his letters, he says: "I know the opposition that is raised when once a comprehensive scheme for their own good is mooted among a certain section of the community. In their eyes, succour for the wounded encourages war; the Contagious Diseases Acts, immorality; vaccination, syphilitic inoculation; and so on. But let the plague once come among them, and these vociferators are the first to be paralysed, and perfectly useless for any purpose whatsoever." In conclusion, we heartily wish Surgeon-Major Atchison success in his crusade against the howling fanatics and political jugglers who endanger society by their insane opposition to beneficent legislation.

Church Association Intelligence, August 1, 1872, No. 6, p. 209.

CLERICAL EDUCATION.

We beg to call attention to this letter from the pen of a well known writer in the *Times*, and other journals, on social subjects.

In it our correspondent points out the serious results likely to accrue from the anti-Protestant teaching of our youth at the centres of learning, particularly at Oxford, and urges a thorough investigation into the matter, with the view to our national professorships being placed on a more healthy footing.

* * * * *

The mind of the laity on Ritualism is very clearly exhibited by the author of these piquant pages. The paper on "Our

Errant Clergy", bears more on our special work than any of the other social sketches. Mr. Atchison is decidedly of opinion, that "to arrest the progress of this pestilential disease, this national disgrace, it is for the Legislature to interfere, unless it would abdicate its functions as the last tribunal of a Protestant kingdom." His words are strong, and he does not spare. But is there not a cause? We are convinced for ourselves that nothing short of indignant combination among the laity of our land will rid the Church of the determined but misguided men who are busied on "the transformation scene". Indian laymen are far wider awake on this topic than those who have spent all their lives at home. Well may Mr. Atchison ask "if the country is to go to Rome, when every other civilised nation is throwing her off?" His tone is trenchant; yet these words should be pondered and acted on by the prelates and statesmen who are seated at the head of public affairs.

Colburn's *United Service Magazine*, July, 1872, No. 74, p. 439.

Our friend Surgeon-Major Atchison has sent us a Second Series of letters addressed to *The Times* and other journals, bearing the very appropriate title of "Timely Counsel, or Short Essays on Social Subjects." All that we said in commendation of the former series we willingly repeat as to this. The range of subjects discoursed on is sufficiently varied, and all are treated with the same ability, the same determination to "say the truth, tho whole truth, and nothing but the truth," regardless of occasional offence to the thin-skinned. There is somewhat more of the professional tinge than formerly, but the author has something worth saying, and he also knows how to say it well. We would indicate the critical notice of Mr. Oldham's work on *Malaria*, which may be read with interest by officers who have served in India, and with profit if they have that pleasure in store, and can take good advice; the papers on "Vaccination" and "Typhoid" deserve the same commendation, for they contain a good deal of sound advice compressed into a few vigorous passages. But just at the present time, when every one who possibly can, turns his back on smoky London for a season, we own to taking most interest in the brief essays, headed "No Thoroughfare," "Sea-Side Begging," "Penny Wisdom and Pound Folly," and "Our Historic Remains." These show how the blundering destructives, who happen to possess some of the pleasantest or most interesting spots of our island, play the dog in the manger, and do their best to keep the visitor, whether a "vagabond excursionist" or not, far from the very places that he perhaps has come a hundred miles to see. Some threaten all the ter-

rors of "justices' justice"—no trifle in "West Barbary" and other foreign parts—whilst others, for whom one cannot help feeling even greater loathing, stick up so many gates requiring a silver key, that a pedestrian may easily expend as much on a morning's walk as would carry him to some less extortionate quarter, though fifty miles off. Our author plainly tells the greedy fools how completely they run counter to their own interests in all this—and we are glad to see that his remonstrances are likely to produce good. One local board, at least, we learn has been touched by his strictures, and is stated to have determined on securing a particularly beautiful part of their neighbourhood, and throwing it open to the public, free not only from any paltry tax, but from the more obnoxious watching and dogging of footsteps that so utterly destroys any sense of enjoyment on a ramble. We hope the example may find imitators, and, at any rate, we shall not forget who called attention to the matter. A man may not be able to reform the whole body politic, but it is no mean achievement to break down even one barrier such as our picturesque western coast presents by the dozen.

Naval and Military Gazette, July 6, 1872, No. 2,113, p. 637.

This collection is, to a certain extent, a reproduction of another batch of those capital letters which Dr. Atchison writes to the *Times* and such provincial journals as are brought forth in the vicinity of the scenes of his summer rambles. The subjects discussed in the present collection are—"No Thoroughfare," "Sea Side Begging," "Our London Squares," "Our Errant Clergy," "Penny Wisdom and Pound Folly," "Malaria," "Our Historic Remains," "Vaccination," "Pavement Mud," "Typhoid," and "Reginæcides." Dr. Atchison writes in a pleasant style, turning easily "from grave to gay," and indeed sometimes happily deals with an important subject in a vein which, although light, is by no means flippant. Respecting the sanitary condition of Peshawur, he says in "What is Malaria?" a review of a book by Assistant-Surgeon Oldham—"In Peshawur, on the banks of the Barce-Doab Canals, the Western Jumma and Delhi Canals, and about Kurnaul, we ourselves saw the ill effects of irrigation when the surplus waters were not carried off by effectual drainage. Whole districts were depopulated by fever, and whole towns and stations deserted. Surely not all these were 'chilled' out of their homes, where they had lived for centuries? The 'Jheels' round our own stations of Peshawur, Delhi, and Gorruckpore, and the drinking water, were alone sufficient to account for the insalubrity of those cantonments."

Bell's Life, August 3, 1870, No. 2,718, p. 12, col. 5.

The author of these letters, or, as he calls them, "Short Essays," is evidently in earnest in all he says. There is no mistaking the tone in which he comments on questions bearing on matters of sanitary reform, and on the restrictions put by the proprietors of places of great historic interest on the entrance to them of the general public. Few will be disposed to differ from what he advances. Since the publication of these pages it is stated that one nobleman intends taking action on the subject of permitting the poorer classes of society to enjoy the "pleasant quiet," as Surgeon-Major Atchison justly designates it, of one of our London squares. The Marquis of Westminster contemplates throwing open, under proper restrictions, Ebury Gardens, as they are called. One decided value in this "timely counsel" consists in the fact that all the advice contained in it is offered with a moderation and calmness of purpose worthy of being followed by others.

See also *Indian Medical Gazette*, 1874; *Food, Water, and Air*, April and May, 1872; Nos. 6 and 7, pp. 103 and 118: *Public Health*, July, 1873, No. 3, p. 90, etc.

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